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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MARCH 1917

The Legend of Saint Acte (II)	Douglas Ainslie
The Shadow-Line (VII)	Joseph Conrad
Samson and Delilah	D. H. Lawrence

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Wanted: A New Liberal Party	Sir H. H. Johnston
Our Secondary Schools	Secondary Schoolmaster
The Pay of the Navy	Lionel Yexley
An Open Letter to the Americans	Major Stuart-Stephens
Musings at Fort Vaux On the Eve	Austin Harrison
The Lesson of the War Loan	Raymond Radclyffe
Books	

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Clothes and the Woman

¶ It is plain to every far-seeing woman that we have reached a new era in the history of dress for which the world-war is responsible. Clothes for the future will play their right and proper part in woman's life, and not absorb her interest to the exclusion of everything else. Extravagance for extravagance sake must go, and the immense energy which has hitherto been directed to produce some freakish frippery must concentrate on garments which are sensible and practical—and pretty. God forbid that women should be blind to the importance and value of artistic and beautiful clothing. Yes, by all means let us have beauty—but beauty without extravagance. Let us do away once and for all with the fetish of trying to go one better than our neighbours. Let the standard of good taste and simplicity set by the wealthy be followed by those of moderate incomes. (We shall all have very moderate incomes after the war.) Unfortunately, simplicity and good cut have always been expensive. Now is the time for manufacturers to become democratic enough to open the jealously guarded gates, where exclusive models at prohibitive prices are shut off from the great majority of women, and provide for them also charming, dainty, well-cut clothes of good materials at moderate prices. The result would be a better-dressed world, a more contented world, a larger output, and less risk to the producer, who stands to lose, as well as to gain, when he caters only for rich and extravagant women.

To meet Economy's Demand

¶ There has been a great demand since the war began for the plain tailor-made suit and the coat-frock, but while these must be smart and well-fitting, women can no longer afford to pay big prices for them. To meet the general demand for economy, therefore, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, with true patriotism, are producing really inexpensive coats and skirts for the early-spring season. They are adapted from exclusive Paris models, modified to meet the present need for attractive yet practical and inexpensive clothes. The materials used are invariably thoroughly reliable, the cut is beyond reproach, and the fashion is very little changed from last season—another great point in their favour. There is a tendency to straighten the skirt and reduce the "flare" somewhat round the hem, and the earliest spring models show also fairly long coats—another good point, as the change from the winter overcoat to the very short costume coat is somewhat drastic. Corded suitings and serges will, of course, be the favourite fabrics for present wear, and while bottle green, *tête de nègre*, and tan still remain in favour, there is always a feeling for navy blue as the ideal spring costume. A very smart new navy model at Marshall and Snelgrove's, in fine quality soft corded suiting, has a plain tailor-cut coat finished with pockets and fancy stitching, and a plain well-cut skirt. Another model in the same material has a becoming coat with a big folded collar and pockets finished with embroidery and a plain skirt. Both designs have narrow belts, and both are remarkably good value at six and a half guineas, in navy, black, and a good range of colours.

OVERHEARD

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend

She. . . . Well, she simply had to go. You see, after all, munitions come first and she was so keen . . . I *was* sorry to lose her . . such a nice girl, too.

Her Friend. What *did* you do?

She. *Do*, my dear? What *could* I do? I was simply distracted . . . With soldiers coming, of all people in the world, and you know Simmons is none too strong . . . awfully *willing*, though, I must say.

Her Friend. Did you get anyone?

She. My dear girl, I simply could not. Leese's tried for me and sent me all they could . . . but they were either too young or too old or "too proud to work" . . . . anyway, they were no good. Then Elsie came and showed me how to do it or I really don't know what would have happened . . . *she* said "gas."

*Then Elsie came and showed me how to do it or I really don't know what would have happened . . . . . **she** said "gas."*

Her Friend. Gas!!!

She. Yes, and as Guy said we ought to use it to help get the by-products —whatever they are—for high explosives we arranged to have gas fires everywhere and a gas water-heater.

Her Friend. But I don't see how . . .

She. My dear, they make all the difference. Just think of the saving of work!—no coals to carry about, no grates to clean, and always hot baths and fires everywhere . . . quite enough to keep one maid going.

Her Friend. But you must have a fire in the kitchen . . . what do you do with your rubbish?

She. That's what I thought at first, but we've got a gas incinerator to burn all the rubbish — the dinkiest little thing!—and cook has a small gas fire in the kitchen too, because *of course* we use a gas cooker and the kitchen must be decently warm.

Her Friend. Well, I must say it sounds nice but, awf'ly expensive.

She. It isn't a bit, dear, when you think of the mess and trouble with coal—and coal at a penny a lump! Bathing the children used to be a perfect nuisance—cook wanted the draught in when nurse wanted it out —they were always squabbling —and now—you see the gas water heater is just as easy to use as a cooker.

Her Friend. But what has all this to do with the housemaid?

She. Everything in the world. You see, these gas things took an awful lot of work off our hands—and now I've only two servants instead of three.

Her Friend. Two—*and* a gas bill. Your gas bill must be terrific!

She. Well, it isn't if you watch the meter. Of course it *is* bigger, but nothing like what you'd think . . . I save one girl's wages *and* her keep *and* there's no coal bill and, Oh—my dear, we're a heap more comfortable!

The Grace of the Blouse Coatee

¶ The sports coat has so long been an essential to women that any new form in which it is produced, or new fabric of which it is made, is always welcome. We have watched its evolution from a cosy and practically woolly into a graceful, clinging creation in *crêpe de Chine,* and we like it in all its moods and phases, which fit into our own moods and suit all the seasons of the year. The Jumper sports coat and the blouse coatee are closely allied, and when they are composed of fine silk and *crêpe* they are practically one and the same thing, and may be seen in great variety and perfection at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W. Quite inexpensive models in blouse coatees are made in their own workrooms, and recommended to wear thoroughly well. One of these in rich *crêpe de Chine*, entirely hand-made and smocked, has a sailor collar trimmed with hand veining and finished with a loose tie. All the seams are hand-veined, and it can be purchased for the moderate price of 29*s.* 6*d.* in black, white, navy, and a large range of colours. Another very fascinating and effectively designed blouse coat, copied from an exclusive French model, is made from rich heavy quality *crêpe de Chine,* with a design worked in hemstitching. It has a deep turned-back collar and the new shaped sleeves, and is held in round the waist by a band to match, tied with a smart bow in front. Its price is 39*s.* 6*d.* in black, ivory, and all colours. A charming model in fine cream lace over chiffon, finished at the waist with a black ribbon velvet band, at 29*s.* 6*d.*, is a very dainty garment to slip on for evening or afternoon wear; indeed, the blouse coatee may be said to very satisfactorily solve the quick-change dress problem in these busy war days.

The Church Militant

¶ The activities of the Church Army in the great fight now waged are so manifold and so inclusive that they seem to cover all the ground. How can we help? is the question asked over and over again by Church people all over the land. Do they all know what their own Church is doing? In the first place, huts at the Front, recreation huts—sixty are already established, eighty more are urgently needed—beside the huts at home in training centres. Hospitals and huts will follow the advance of our immense armies in this long campaign, and the days of recreation huts will not be over until the war is at an end.

Then the Church Army supplies and supports kitchen cars on the Western Front, munition canteens for ordnance workers, hostels for men on leave. It sends parcels to troops at the Front, six-shilling treats for neglected men. The soldiers' wives, widows, and relations are not left out, nor are the thousands of girls and women munition workers. Cases of distress arising from the war are helped. Fresh-air homes for soldiers' wives and widows are provided, and the relatives of wounded are escorted and homed in their visits to bad cases at the Front, whilst the wounded themselves are befriended. These are some of the works that the Church is doing through its Army, and all these activities need support.

The pressing need of the moment is for eighty more huts; each hut costs £300 to put up and £100 to equip, £5 to run abroad and £2 at home. The appeal comes from an organisation and for an object which claim our serious attention. In this great war nothing must fail which the wit and wealth of man can make succeed. The effort must be now, whilst the need is pressing. Wanted! More huts! Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary of the Church Army, will be grateful for all money sent to him at Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

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¶ The senior sub. had been "censoring" for two solid hours; it was the job he hated most, and his grunts and growls, his turnings and twistings to get more light on illegible scrawls, had begun to get on the nerves of the man with three pips who was busy with a magazine in a blue cover.

"Skipper!" suddenly exclaimed the senior sub., "could you indent for a couple of gross of Swans?"

"Swans?" queried three pips blankly, "what in Hades——"

"Pens, your worship," said the senior sub., "and lots of ammunition, you know, those dinky little pellets of solid ink—these disgusting brutes will write with the mouldiest sort of pencils, even love letters—fancy love letters in pencil. You know, Skipper, every man ought to have a Swan in his equipment; he has to have a razor, a toothbrush, knife, fork, spoon, every damn thing but the most important, and here am I ruining my sight and my temper with these infernal grey greasy scrawls."

"Cost too much, my boy," said the Skipper.

"Efficiency is priceless," quoted two pips, one of the Skipper's favourite bits of wisdom.

"The men would lose them or break them," said the captain.

"How often have you lost or broken yours?" countered the sub.

"No, they don't lose the useful gadgets, Skipper; lots of them have got them, and their letters are a pleasure to read. You know, a chap does write better stuff when he uses a pen, especially a good pen; it's wonderful how it improves one's style."

"Shakespeare managed to get along without a Swan," said the Skipper.

"Yes, but then he was the Swan himself, and I'll bet that all that stuff you've been reading with such avidity is Swan juice—poetry, politics, philosophy, the whole caboodle."

"How about those very regular letters of yours, my boy, do they come from way down the Swanny River——?"

"Rather! Skipper. Why, she gave me mine. She's one of the best."

"Just so," said the captain, "very like a black swan."

The British Spirit

¶ Although we live on an island and have some insular ways—it is perfectly safe to say that in a humanitarian sense we are the most cosmopolitan people on earth. Why, for example, should we bother our heads about Galician refugees with Belgium at our doors, and thousands of Belgians in our homes? Well, we do bother our heads about them because they are in dire distress, and because, like the Belgians, the Galician and the Pole have suffered in our cause. There has perhaps never been such a tide of devilish war as that which swept these peoples from their homes, and the aid of Britain, given by Britons, has not only been of the utmost service to our great Russian ally, but has literally saved thousands of innocent fugitives from death, from disease, starvation, and exposure.

It is not surprising, but highly gratifying, to know that ubiquitous British organisation was on the spot, and that it succeeded in doing a remarkably fine and useful work in the most cruel emergency which turned a whole people adrift on the roads, with murder and worse on their heels. Everybody should read the quiet and unexaggerated fifth report of the Great Britain to Poland and Galicia Relief Fund. How our racial qualities come out in this title. It is the romance of reality. England and Russia are here united in a colossal task—a true union of hearts under the Russian Red Cross. The report is the best sort of reading, and can be had on application to the offices of the fund at 36 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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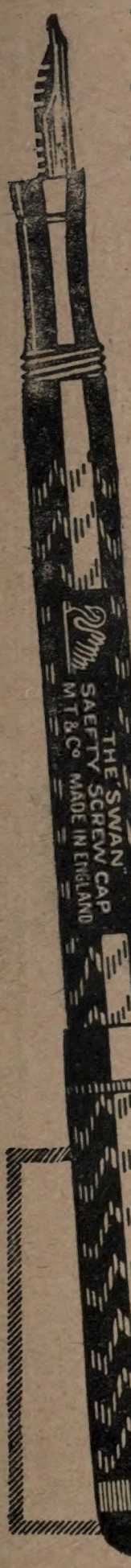

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Poland has been cruelly wounded; but her enemies can never kill her soul; and to us whose homes have not been violated, or our children dying of want, she calls, though she is far away and speaks only in a sigh. The Russian Government has organised assistance to help the thousands of refugees who have fled from the farms and hamlets of Poland, in order to escape the horrors of German invasion, for Germany, in addition to her many unspeakable crimes, is not only starving the people of that unhappy land, but is actually stealing their food. Despite the efforts of Russia to help these poor beings, who seem to have lost all that they possessed, there is much work for the Great Britain to Poland Fund to do, and the more the fund, which is under

THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS,

can do, by so much more will Russian energy and Russian brains be liberated to prosecute the object of the Allied nations, the crushing of the common foe. Therefore every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroic Ally, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women, and starving children—victims of the German war-god—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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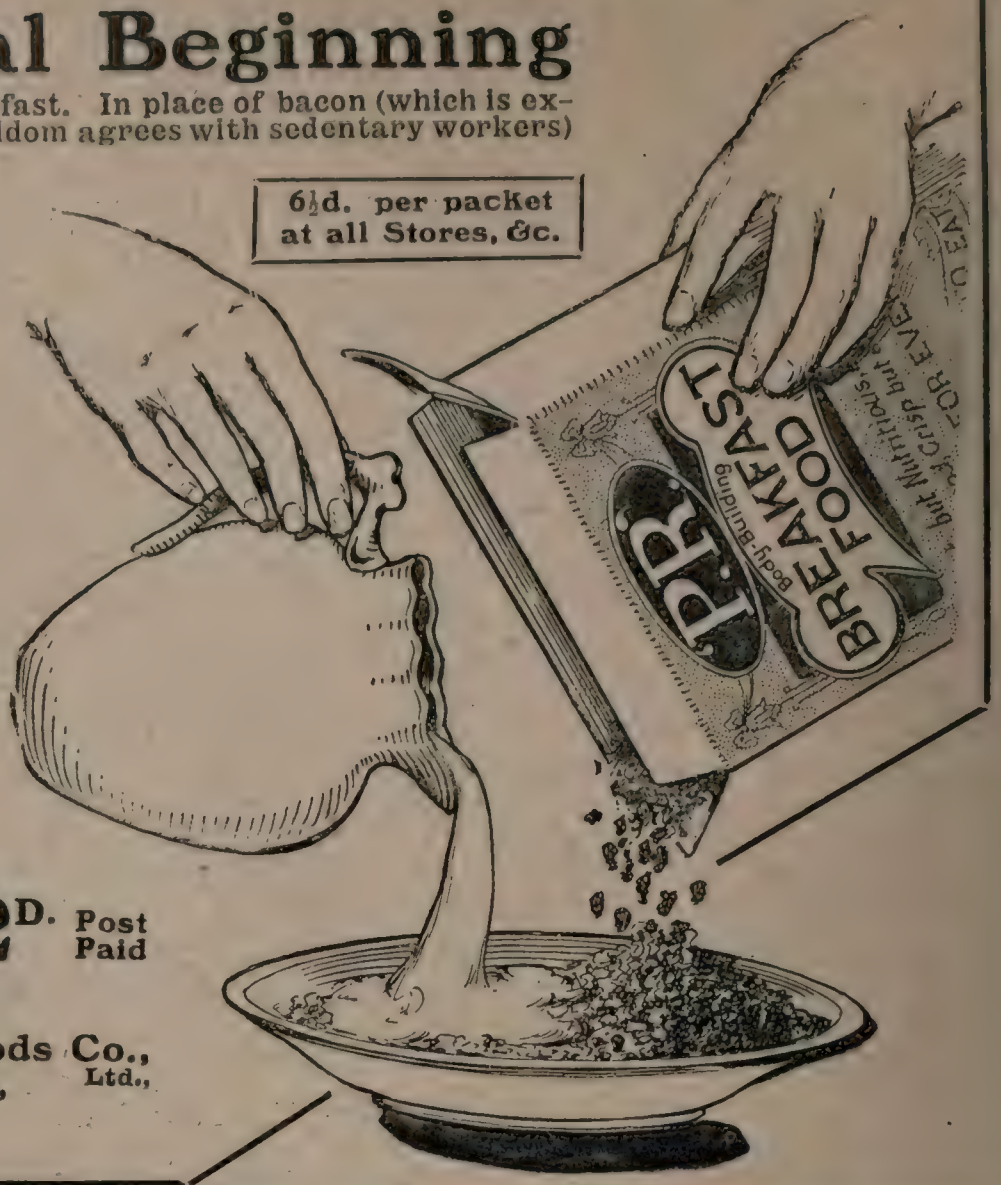

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MARCH, 1917

The Legend of Saint Actė

(II.)

By Douglas Ainslie

From the rosy-red city she journeyed
Upborne by the wings on each hand,
Where the sky-flowers of blue seemed to mingle
With the golden-white blooms of the land,
To build a celestial city,
But there too she found what she sought,
Poor babes and poor bosoms exhausted,
And to all of them solace she brought.
She lodges where lodge the wild pigeons,
She lies by the vagabond streams,
But wherever she lodges the angels
Bring marvellous visions and dreams.
Upbuoyed on their pinions when Vesper
Has unfolded her veils o'er the sky,
She will pass through the city nocturnal
To wait on the little ones' cry;
When she hears it, she mounts and her bosom
Quick baring—her bosom unfailing—
Gives solace to babe and to mother,
Gives the fullness of joy after wailing.
Thus Actè achieves her white duty,
And the years fly fast o'er her head;
She knows naught of the marvellous beauty
That her sainthood upon her has shed.

On a day in a forest of myrtle
Where before her feet never have strayed,
She hears concord of sweet singing voices,
Where an exquisite music is made,
And a roseate cloud floats around her
Heavy-laden with thrilling perfumes—
Her ingenuous eye never rested
On any such odorous blooms.
She wanders with flowery apron—
Persephone's once too was full—
Till she comes to the glass of Narcissus,
That exquisite emerald pool.
Its mirror is pure and untroubled,
As though it had never betrayed
The youth whose own beauty unto him
Was more than the love of a maid.
Rejoicing she bends o'er the margin
To drink of the picturing water,
But starts back with a cry: what befalls her?
She has seen Aphrodite's own daughter,
But lovelier far by reflection
From years upon years of good deeds,
Shedding light on the tender perfection
That the beauty of Tanagra breeds.
Thus Actè gazed down on the mirror,
When a feminine thought in her brain
Leapt to life and imperiously clamoured:
To return to Menippus again;
Just a moment, just time to transfix him
With impotent furious desire
At the sight of her saintly new beauty,
Then flee from the reach of the fire,
Leaving anger and lust far behind her—
She would never again see his face,
But have vengeance for all she had suffered
Within and without his embrace.

. . . . .

Wild justice! but she turned her face toward Egypt resolute,
When of a sudden at her side those guardian angels stood.

Their lovely wings are dimnèd now, and through them scarce a star
Twinkles, they are grown dull almost as robes of mortals are
When most resplendent, and their looks are sadder than of yore;
On Actè now no more they smile, but earnestly implore
That she will hearken and return to the blue and golden city
Where other babes and mothers now are yearning for her pity.
Actè makes answer: "And my babe that the cruel Roman stole?"
But the angels: "O our daughter, do but look into thy soul,
And thou wilt see no babe dwells there, but only fierce desire
As once the Roman brought thee dule, to burn his heart with fire."
But Actè hearkens not a whit, the will in her is keen,
And she has won to Egypt, having wings whereon to lean,
And she has entered in the house where once she suffered wrong.
Her babe perchance is grown a boy, but as she glides along
No thought of him is in her mind, she seeks the lofty couch,
Where her Roman master wont to lie and where she wont to crouch.
Entering, she finds him drowned in sleep—the first sleep of the night.
The tassel of her azure robe she draws with motion slight
Over his face, that he may wake and see lost loveliness.
He wakes in truth: but woe is me; her skill to flee is less
Than his to seize and to enjoy; she sinks like ship in storm,
Then sees fall back to sleep once more his sated hated form.

* * * * *

Slowly, slowly, Actè went,
Her lovely cheeks wet,
Her blue chlamys rent—
By the wolves of regret,
Her blue vesture was wet—

But those tears were as joy
To her piteous lament,
To her piercèd annoy,
When she found by her weariness,
Heaviness, dreariness,
That the wings of the angels
Sustained her no more.
Slowly, slowly, Actè went
By the weary wayside,
No angels beside,
Making heavy lament.
"She but raveth," they cried,
"Get thee hence from our door."

. . . . .

Thus wandering, sorrowful and alone, a thought
Sudden took form in her ingenuous mind:
"I will return and seeking where I sought,
Again those travellers august will find,
Again my breast will offer, and the kind
Eyes of the Mother upon me will smile."
Thus Actè thought, in mind withouten guile.

Forthright unto the desert turned her face,
Her feet sped rapid now upon the sands,
Light was her heart, and soon there was no trace
Of all her sorrow left, for angel hands
And pinions would again
Upbuoy her as before for her reward
When she shall twice have suckled Christ the Lord.

And now she drew anigh unto the path
Where once before the blessèd travellers were,
Ah! how they coursed, the beatings of her heart,
That once before had beat so buoyant there;
But vaulting hope must yield to dull despair,
For far as eye can see and foot can tread
Is only sand and sand and sand outspread.

League upon league poor Actè paced alone,
One wavering figure in a world forlorn,
Silence around her moving figure thrown
By sun and moon that watched with eyes of scorn
Her who on angel pinions once upborne

From Hell, did wilful cast her own self down,
Trampling the beauty of her saintly crown.

Thus for a year she wandered, and her case
Now was more piteous than when before
She had met the travellers august, her face
Was burnèd brown, her body o'er and o'er
Cracked with fierce suns, the azure robe she wore
Fluttering like butterflies a-many who
Have in the desert lost their bodies blue.

Yet in her heart dwelt hope and in her eyes,
Which no disaster quenchèd of their light,
But ever kept their look of bliss—surprise,
That came into them on that heavenly night;
For they who once have had supremest sight,
Come all of good or ill that life can bring,
Have magic in their hearts to make all winters
spring.

One night whenas the moon had mounted clear
Of the dim line where sky and desert meet,
Herseemed to see emerging from its sphere
That company divine; with flying feet
She ran, she ran those Sacred Ones to greet,
And breathless as she went, with feverish hand
Set free her bosom from its linen band
That she her milky service speedier might render.

Thus coursing, came she nigh them very soon,
And saw—what sees she that can thus offend her?
Slow moving onward, yonder 'neath the moon,
A leper woman on an ass doth croon
To a leper babe, and by them stalks a man
With skin like flakes of snow for God's most awful
ban.

Dumb-struck with horror, backward, back she
springs,
(Horror on horror heaps the moon's calm beauty);
Wavers an instant, on her ear there rings
The babe's faint wail, most weak of earthly things;

Then of a sudden she has soared to duty.
Can leprous body leprous soul pollute?
She turns and gives her bosom, resolute.

. . . . . .

She turns and the babe seeks her bosom,
  Herseemeth to hear words of praise,
And to see that sweet smile as though through some
  Ineffable dawning of days;

She feels the small lips at her nipples,
  While around her is moonlight no more,
But a radiant splendour that ripples,
  Like the wave that bears flotsam ashore;

Her eyes are undazed with the splendour
  That around Those Transfigured is shed;
Her angels once lost now attend her,
  A halo encircles her head;

Upon earth absolution is given
  The Saint and the Sinner are one,
In the desert is Actè in heaven,
  And the traveller's journey is done.

Mother hand-touch so light on her shoulder,
  Babe's eyes with true heaven in their smile
Upon Actè—may all that behold her
  Have journeyed *their* journey a mile.

Some pass by the portal of knowledge,
  And some by the portal of prayer,
But Saint Actè through life's rudest college,
  By love and by courage won there.

The Shadow-line (vii)

By Joseph Conrad

YES. It was a relief. He was silenced for a time; for a time. I could not have stood another peal of that insane screeching. I was sure of it—and just then Smith, the austere Smith, treated us to another vocal performance. He began to sing out for help. His voice wailed pitifully in the darkness: "Come aft somebody! I can't stand this. Here she'll be off again directly and I can't . . ."

I dashed aft myself, meeting on my way a hard gust of wind whose approach Smith's ear had detected from afar and which filled the sails on the main in a series of muffled reports mingled with the low plaint of the spars. I was just in time to seize the wheel, while Frenchy caught up the collapsing Smith. He hauled him out of the way, admonished him to lie still where he was, and then stepped up to relieve me, asking calmly:

"How am I to steer her, Sir?"

"Dead before it, for the present. I'll get you a light in a moment."

But as I moved forward I met Ransome bringing up the spare binnacle lamp. That man noticed everything, attended to everything, shed comfort around him as he moved. As he passed me he remarked in a soothing tone that the stars were coming out. They were. The breeze was sweeping clear the sooty sky, breaking through the indolent silence of the sea.

The barrier of awful stillness which had encompassed us for so many days as though we had been accursed was broken. I felt that. I let myself fall on to the skylight seat. A faint white ridge of foam, thin, very thin, broke alongside. The first for ages—for ages. I could have cheered if it hadn't been for the sense of guilt which clung to all my thoughts secretly. Ransome stood before me.

"What about the mate?" I asked anxiously. "Still unconscious?"

"Well, Sir—it's funny." Ransome was evidently puzzled. "He hasn't spoken a word, certainly. But it looks to me more like sound sleep than anything else."

I accepted this view as the least troublesome of any, or, at any rate, least disturbing. Dead faint or dead slumber, Mr. Burns had to take his chance. Ransome remarked suddenly:

"I believe you want a coat, Sir."

"I believe I do," I sighed out.

But I did not move. What I felt I wanted were new limbs. My arms and legs seemed utterly useless, fairly worn out. They didn't even ache. But I stood up all the same to put on the coat when Ransome brought it up. And when he suggested that he had better now "take Smith forward," I said:

"All right. I'll help you to get him down on the main deck."

I found that I was quite able to help too. We raised Smith up between us. He tried to help himself along like a man, but all the time he was inquiring piteously:

"You won't let me go when we come to the ladder? You won't let me go when we come to the ladder?"

The breeze kept on freshening and blew true, true to a hair. At daylight, by careful manipulation of the helm, we got the foreyards to run square by themselves (the water keeping smooth) and then went about hauling the ropes tight. Of the four men I had with me at night I could see now only two. I didn't inquire as to the others. They had given in. For a time only, I hoped.

Our various tasks forward occupied us for over two hours—the men with me moved so slow and had to rest so often. One of them remarked that "every blamed thing in the ship felt about a hundred times heavier than its proper weight." This was the only complaint uttered. I don't know what we should have done without Ransome. He worked with us, silent too, but with a little smile fixed on his lips. From time to time I murmured to him: "Go steady"; "Take it quietly, Ransome"; and received a quick glance in reply.

When we had done all we could do to make things ship-shape a bit he disappeared into his galley. Some time

afterwards, going forward for a look round, I caught sight of him through the open door. He sat upright on the locker in front of the stove, with his head leaning back against the bulkhead. His eyes were closed; his capable hands held open the front of his thin cotton shirt, tragically baring his powerful chest, which heaved in painful and laboured gasps. He didn't hear me.

I retreated quietly and went straight on to the poop to relieve Frenchy, who by that time was beginning to look very slack. He gave me the course with great formality and tried to go off with a jaunty step, but reeled widely twice before getting out of my sight.

And then I remained all alone aft, steering my ship, which ran before the wind with a buoyant lift now and then, and even rolling a little. Presently Ransome appeared before me with a tray. The sight of food made me ravenous all at once. He took the wheel while I sat down on the after-grating to eat my breakfast.

"This breeze seems to have done for our crowd," he murmured. "It's just laid them low."

"Yes," I said. "I suppose you and I are the only two fit men in the ship."

"Frenchy, there, says there's still a jump in him. I don't know. It can't be much," continued Ransome with his wistful smile. "Good little man that. But suppose, Sir, that this wind flies round when we are close to the land—what are we going to do with her?"

"If the wind shifts round heavily after we close in with the land, she will either run ashore or get dismasted. We won't be able to do anything. She's running away with us now. All we can do is to steer her. She's a ship without a crew."

"Yes. All laid low," repeated Ransome quietly. "I do give them a look-in forward every now and then but it's precious little I can do for them."

"I and the ship, and everyone on board of her, are very much indebted to you, Ransome," I said warmly.

He made as though he had not heard me, and steered in silence till I was ready to relieve him. He surrendered the wheel, picked up the tray, and, as a sort of parting shot, informed me that Mr. Burns seemed to have a mind to come up on deck.

"I don't know how to prevent him, Sir. I can't very well stop down below all the time."

It was clear that he couldn't. And, sure enough, Mr. Burns came on deck, dragging himself painfully aft in his enormous overcoat. I beheld him with a natural dread. To have him around and raving about a dead man while I had to steer a wildly rushing ship full of dying men was a rather dreadful prospect.

But his first remarks were quite sensible in meaning and tone. Apparently he had no recollection of the night scene. And if he had he didn't betray himself once. Neither did he talk very much. He sat on the skylight looking desperately ill at first, but that strong breeze, before which the last remnant of my crew had wilted down, seemed to blow a fresh stock of vigour into his frame with every gust. One could almost see the process.

By way of sanity test I alluded on purpose to the late captain. I was delighted to find that Mr. Burns did not display undue interest in the subject. He ran over the old tale of that savage ruffian's iniquities with a certain vindictive gusto and then concluded unexpectedly:

"I am convinced, Sir, that his mind was gone in many respects for a year or more before he died."

A wonderful recovery. I could hardly spare it as much attention as it deserved, for I had to give most of it to the steering.

In comparison with the hopeless languor of the preceding days this was a dizzy speed. Two ridges of foam streamed from the ship's bows; the wind sang in a strenuous note which, in other circumstances, would have expressed to me all the joy of life. Whenever the hauled-up mainsail started trying to slat and bang itself to pieces in its gear, Mr. Burns would look at me apprehensively.

"What would you have, Mr. Burns? We can neither furl it nor set it. I only wish the old thing would thrash itself to pieces and be done with it. That beastly racket confuses me."

Mr. Burns wrung his hands and cried out suddenly:

"How will you get the ship into harbour, Sir, without men to handle her?"

And I couldn't tell him.

Well—it did get done about forty hours afterwards. By

the exorcising virtue of Mr. Burns' awful laugh the malicious spectre had been laid, the evil spell broken, the curse removed. We were now in the hands of a kind and energetic Providence. It was rushing us on. . . .

I shall never forget the last night—dark, windy, and starry. I steered. Mr. Burns, after having entreated me to give him a kick if anything happened, went frankly to sleep on the deck close to the binnacle. Convalescents need sleep. Ransome, his back propped against the mizzen-mast and a blanket over his legs, remained perfectly still, but I don't suppose he closed his eyes for a moment. That embodiment of jauntiness, Frenchy, still under the delusion that there was "a jump left in him," had insisted on joining us, but, mindful of discipline, had laid himself down alongside the bucket-rack, as far on the forepart of the poop as he could possibly get.

And I steered, too tired for anxiety, too tired for connected thought. I had moments of grim exultation and then my heart would sink awfully at the thought of that forecastle at the other end of the dark deck, full of fever-stricken men—some of them dying. By my fault. Never mind! I had to steer.

In the small hours the breeze weakened, then failed altogether. About five it returned, gentle enough, enabling us to head for the roadstead. Daybreak found Mr. Burns sitting wedged up with coils of rope on the stern-grating, and from the depths of his overcoat steering the ship with very white, bony hands, while Ransome and I rushed along the decks letting go all the sheets and halyards by the run. We dashed next up on to the forecastle head. The perspiration of labour and sheer nervousness simply poured off our heads as we toiled to get the anchors cock-billed. And that too was done without mishap. I made a sign to Mr. Burns to put the helm down and we let both anchors go at the same time, leaving the ship to take as much cable as she wanted. She took the best part of them both before she brought up. The loose sails coming aback ceased their maddening racket above my head. A perfect stillness reigned in the ship. And while I stood forward, feeling a little giddy in that sudden peace, I caught faintly a moan or two and the incoherent mutterings of the sick in the forecastle.

As we had a signal for medical assistance flying on the mizzen, it is a fact that before the ship was fairly at rest three steam-launches from various men-of-war were alongside, and at least five naval surgeons had clambered on board. They stood in a knot gazing up and down the empty main deck, then looked aloft—where not a man could be seen either.

I went towards them—a solitary figure, in pink and grey striped sleeping suit and a pipeclayed cork helmet on my head. Their disgust was extreme. They had expected surgical cases. Each one had brought his carving tools with him. But they soon got over their little disappointment. In less than five minutes one of the steam launches was rushing shorewards to order a big boat and some hospital people for the removal of the crew. The big steam pinnace went off to her ship to bring over a few bluejackets to furl my sails for me.

One of the surgeons had remained on board. He came out of the forecastle looking impenetrable, and noticed my inquiring gaze.

"There's nobody dead in there if that's what you want to know," he said deliberately. Then added in a tone of wonder: "The whole crew!"

"And very bad?"

"And very bad," he repeated. His eyes were roaming all over the ship. "Heavens! What's that?"

"That," I said, glancing aft, "is Mr. Burns, my chief officer."

Mr. Burns, with his moribund head nodding on the stalk of his lean neck, was a sight for anyone to exclaim at. The surgeon asked:

"Is he going to the hospital too?"

"Oh, no," I said jocosely. "Mr. Burns won't go on shore till the mainmast goes. I am very proud of him. He's my only convalescent."

"You look . . ." began the doctor staring at me. But I interrupted him angrily:

"I am not ill."

"No. . . . You look queer."

"Well, you see, I have been seventeen days on deck."

"Seventeen! . . . But you must have slept."

"I suppose I must have. I don't know. But I'm certain that I didn't sleep for the last forty hours."

"Phew! . . . You will be going ashore presently, I suppose?"

"As soon as ever I can. There's no end of business waiting for me there."

The surgeon released my hand, which he had taken while we talked, pulled out his pocket-book, wrote in it rapidly, tore out the page and offered it to me.

"I strongly advise you to get this prescription made up for youself ashore. You will need it very much in a few hours."

"What is it then?" I asked with suspicion.

"Sleeping draught," answered the surgeon curtly; and moving with an air of interest towards Mr. Burns he engaged him in conversation.

As I went below to dress to go ashore, Ransome followed me. He begged my pardon; he wished, too, to be sent ashore and paid off.

I looked at him in surprise. There was about him an air of anxiety.

"You don't mean it?" I said.

"I do really, Sir. I want to go and rest somewhere. Hospital . . . or anywhere. I want to—to get advice, Sir."

"Well, Ransome," I said, "I hate the idea of parting with you."

"I must go," he broke in. "I have a right. I am not fit." . . .

A look of almost savage determination passed over his face. For an instant he was another being. And I saw under the merit and the comeliness of the man the humble reality of things. Life was good in itself to him. He clung to it. He was thoroughly alarmed about himself.

"Of course, I shall pay you off. Only I must ask you to remain on board till this afternoon. I can't leave Mr. Burns absolutely alone in the ship for hours."

He softened at once and assured me with a smile and in his natural pleasant voice that he understood that very well.

When I returned on deck everything was ready for the removal of the men. It was the last ordeal of that episode which had been maturing and tempering my character—though I did not know it.

It was awful. They passed under my eyes one after another—each of them an embodied reproach of the bitterest kind, till I felt a sort of revolt wake up in me. Poor Frenchy had gone suddenly under. He was carried past me insensible, his comic face horribly flushed and as if swollen, breathing stertorously. He looked more like Mr. Punch than ever.

The austere Smith, on the contrary, had improved temporarily. He insisted on walking on his own feet to the rail—of course, with assistance on each side of him. But he gave way to a sudden panic at the moment of being swung over the side, and wailed despairingly.

"Don't let them drop me, Sir. Don't let them drop me overboard, Sir!" while I shouted to him in most soothing accents: "All right! They won't! They won't!"

It was no doubt very ridiculous. The bluejackets on our deck were grinning quietly, while even Ransome himself (much to the fore in lending a hand) had to enlarge his wistful smile for a fleeting moment.

I left for the shore in the steam pinnace, and on looking back beheld Mr. Burns actually standing up by the taffrail, still in his enormous woolly overcoat. The bright sunlight brought out his weirdness amazingly. He looked like a frightful and elaborate scarecrow set up on the poop of a death-stricken ship to scare the sea-birds away from the corpses.

Our story had got about already in town and everybody on shore was most kind. The marine office let me off the port dues, and as there happened to be a shipwrecked crew staying in the Home I had no difficulty in obtaining as many men as I wanted.

It is strange how on coming ashore I was struck by everybody's air of youth. The springy step, the lively eyes, the strong vitality of every one I met impressed me enormously. And amongst those I met there was Captain Giles, of course. It would have been very extraordinary if I had not met him. A prolonged stroll in the business

part of the town was the regular employment of all his mornings when he was ashore.

I caught the glitter of the gold watch-chain across his chest ever so far away. He radiated benevolence.

"What is it I hear?" he queried with a "kind uncle" smile after shaking hands. "Twenty-one days from Bankok?"

"Is this all you've heard?" I said. "You must come to tiffin with me. I want you to know exactly what you have let me in for."

He hesitated for half a minute.

"Well—I will," he said condescendingly.

We turned into the hotel. I found to my surprise that I could eat quite a lot. Then over the cleared table-cloth I unfolded to Captain Giles the history of these twenty days in its professional and emotional aspects, while he smoked patiently the big cigar I had given him.

Then he observed sagely.

"You must feel jolly well tired by this time."

"No," I said, "not tired. But I'll tell you, Captain Giles, how I feel. I feel old. And I must be. All of you on shore look to me just a lot of skittish youngsters that have never known a care in the world."

He didn't smile. He looked insufferably exemplary. He declared:

"That will pass. But you do look older—it's a fact."

"Aha!" I said, "you admit that. . ."

"No. No! The truth is that one must not make too much of anything in life, good or bad."

"Live at half-speed," I murmured scornfully.

"You'll be glad enough presently if you can keep going even at that rate," he retorted with his air of conscious virtue. "And there's another thing; a man should stand up to his bad luck, to his mistakes to his conscience, and all that sort of thing."

I kept silent. I don't know what he saw in my face, but he asked abruptly:

"Why—you aren't gone faint-hearted?"

"God only knows, Captain Giles," was my sincere answer.

"That's all right," he said calmly. "You will learn soon how not to be faint-hearted. A man has got to learn

that like everything else—and that's what so many of them youngsters don't understand."

"Well, I am no longer a youngster."

"No," he conceded. "Are you leaving soon?"

"I am going on board directly," I said. "I shall pick up one of my anchors and heave in to half-cable on the other as soon as my new crew comes on board, and I shall be off at daylight to-morrow."

We rose and parted outside the hotel without many words.

The first sight that met me when I got back to the ship was Ransome on the quarter-deck sitting quietly on his neatly lashed sea-chest.

I beckoned him to follow me into the saloon, where I sat down to write a letter of recommendation for him to a useful man I knew on shore.

When finished I pushed it across the table. "It may be of some good to you when you feel fit for work again."

He took it, put it in his pocket. His eyes were looking away from me—nowhere. His face was anxiously set.

"How do you feel now?" I asked.

"I don't feel bad now, Sir," he answered stiffly, "But I am afraid of its coming on. . . ." The wistful smile came back on his lips for a moment. "I—I am in a blue funk about my heart, Sir," he added, lowering his voice.

I rose and extended my hand to him. His eyes, not looking at me, had a strained expression. He was like a man listening for a far-off call.

"Won't you shake hands, Ransome?" I said gently.

He exclaimed, flushed up dusky red, gave my hand a hard, convulsive squeeze—and next moment, left alone in the cabin, I listened to him going up the companion stairs cautiously, step by step, in mortal fear of starting into deadly anger his heart, his cruel heart, our common enemy it was his hard fate to carry consciously within his faithful breast.

THE END

Samson and Delilah

By D. H. Lawrence

A MAN got down from the motor-omnibus that runs from Penzance to St. Just-in-Penwith, and turned northwards, uphill towards the Polestar. It was only half-past six, but already the stars were out, a cold little wind was blowing from the sea, and the crystalline, three-pulse flash of the lighthouse below the cliffs beat rhythmically in the first darkness.

The man was alone. He went his way unhesitating, but looked from side to side with curiosity. Tall, ruined power-houses of tin mines loomed in the darkness from time to time, like remnants of some bygone civilisation. The lights of many miners' cottages scattered on the hilly darkness twinkled desolate in their disorder, yet twinkled with home.

He tramped steadily on, always alert with curiosity. He was a tall, well-built man, apparently in the prime of life. His shoulders were square and rather stiff; he leaned forwards a little as he went, from the hips, like a man who must stoop to lower his height. But he did not stoop his shoulders; he bent his straight back from the hips.

Now and again short, stumpy, thick-legged figures of Cornish miners passed him, and he invariably gave them good night, as if the familiarity pleased him. And as he went along the dreary road, looking now at the lights of the dwellings on land, now at the lights away to sea, vessels veering round in sight of the Longships Lighthouse, the whole of the Atlantic Ocean in darkness and space between him and America, he seemed extremely pleased with himself, with his own situation.

The houses began to close on the road; he was entering the straggling, formless, desolate mining village that he knew of old. On the left was a little space set back from the highway and cosy lights of an inn. There it was. He

peered up at the sign: "The Tinners' Rest." But he could not make out the name of the proprietor. He listened. There was excited talking and laughing, a woman's voice laughing shrilly among the men's.

Stooping a little he entered the warmly-lit bar. The lamp was burning, a buxom woman rose from the white-scrubbed deal table where the black and white and red cards were scattered, and several men—miners—lifted their faces from the game.

The stranger went to the counter, averting his face. His cap was pulled down over his brow.

"Good evening!" said the landlady in her rather ingratiating voice.

"Good evening. A glass of ale."

"A glass of ale," repeated the landlady suavely. "Cold night—but bright."

"Yes," the man assented laconically. Then he added, when nobody expected him to say any more: "Seasonable weather."

"Quite seasonable—quite," said the landlady. "Thank you."

The man lifted his glass straight to his lips and emptied it. He put it down again on the zinc counter with a click.

"Let's have another," he said.

The woman drew the beer, and the man went away with his glass to the second table, near the fire. The woman, after a moment's hesitation, took her seat again at the table with the card-players. She had noticed the man: a big fine fellow, well dressed—a stranger.

But he spoke with that Cornish-Yankee accent she accepted as the natural twang among the miners.

The stranger put his foot on the fender and looked into the fire. He was handsome, well coloured, with well-drawn Cornish eyebrows and the usual dark, bright, mindless Cornish eyes. He seemed abstracted in thought. Then he watched the card-party.

The woman was buxom and healthy, with dark hair and small, quick brown eyes. She was bursting with life and vigour; the energy she threw into the game of cards excited all the men; they shouted and laughed, and the woman held her breast, shrieking with laughter.

"Oh my, it'll be the death o' me," she panted. "Now

come on, Mr. Trevorrow, play fair. Play fair, I say, or I s'll put the cards down."

"Play fair! Why, who's played unfair?" ejaculated Mr. Trevorrow. "Do you mean t'accuse me as I haven't played fair, Mrs. Nankervis?"

"I do. I say it, and I mean it. Haven't you got the Queen of Spades? Now come on, no dodging round me. *I* know you've got that Queen, as well as I know my name's Alice."

"Well—if your name's Alice you'll have to have it——"

"Ay, now—what did I say? Did ever you see such a man? My word, but your missis must be easy took in, by the looks of things."

And off she went into peals of laughter. She was interrupted by the entrance of four men in khaki—a short, stumpy sergeant of middle age, a young corporal, and two young privates. The woman leaned back in her chair.

"Oh my!" she cried. "If there isn't the boys back; looking perished, I believe——"

"Perished, ma!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Not yet."

"Near enough," said a young private uncouthly.

The woman got up.

"I'm sure you are, my dears. You'll be wanting your suppers, I'll be bound."

"We could do with 'em."

"Let's have a wet first," said the sergeant.

The woman bustled about getting the drinks. The soldiers moved to the fire, spreading out their hands.

"Have your suppers in here, will you?" she said. "Or in the kitchen?"

"Let's have it here," said the sergeant. "More cosier —*if* you don't mind."

"You shall have it where you like, boys, where you like."

She disappeared. In a minute a girl of about sixteen, tall and fresh, with dark, living young eyes, and well-drawn brows, and the immature softness and mindlessness of the sensuous Celtic type.

"Ho, Mabel! Evenin', Mabel! How's Mabel?" came the multiple greeting.

She replied to everybody in a soft voice—a strange,

soft *aplomb* that was very attractive. And she moved round with rather mechanical, attractive movements, like a stiff young animal. The strange man by the fire watched her curiously. There was an alert, inquisitive, mindless curiosity on his well-coloured face.

"I'll have a bit of supper with you, if I might," he said.

She looked at him with her clear, unreasoning eyes, just like the eyes of some non-human creature.

"I'll ask mother," she said in her soft-breathing, gently sing-song voice.

When she came in again:

"Yes," she said, almost whispering. "What will you have?"

"What have you got?" he said looking up into her face.

"There's cold meat——"

"That's for me, then."

The stranger sat at the end of the table and ate with the tired, quiet soldiers. Now, the landlady was interested in him. Her brow was knit rather tense, there was a look of panic in her large healthy face, but her small brown eyes were fixed most dangerously. She was a big woman, but her eyes were small and tense. She drew near the stranger. She wore a rather loud-patterned flannelette blouse and a dark skirt.

"What will you have to drink with your supper?" she asked; and there was a new, dangerous note in her voice.

He moved uneasily.

"I'll go on with ale."

She drew him another glass. Then she sat down on the bench at the table with him and the soldiers and fixed him with her attention.

"You've come from St. Just, have you?" she said.

He looked at her with those clear, dark, inscrutable Cornish eyes, and answered at length:

"No, from Penzance."

"Penzance! But you're not thinking of going back there to-night?"

"No—no."

He still looked at her with those wide, clear eyes that had no human meaning in them. Her anger began to rise.

It was seen on her brow. Yet her voice was still suave and deprecating.

"I *thought* not—but you're not living in these parts, are you?"

"No—no, I'm not living here." He was always slow in answering, as if something intervened between him and any outside question.

"Oh, I see," she said. "You've got relations down here."

Again he looked straight into her eyes, as if looking for his own answer there.

"Yes," he said.

He would say no more. She rose in a pet. The anger was tight on her brow. There was no more laughing and card-playing that evening, though she kept up her motherly, suave, good-humoured way with the men. But they knew her; they were all afraid of her.

The supper was finished, the table cleared, the stranger did not go. Two of the young soldiers went off to bed, with their cheery:

"Good night, ma. Good night, Mabel."

The stranger talked a little to the sergeant about the war, which was in its first year, about the New Army, a fragment of which was quartered in this district, about America.

The landlady darted looks at him from her small eyes, minute by minute the electric storms welled in her bosom, as still he did not go. She was quivering with suppressed violent passion, something frightening and abnormal. She could not sit still for a moment. Her heavy form seemed to flash with sudden, involuntary movements as the minutes passed by, and still he sat there, and the tension on her heart grew unbearable. She watched the hands of the clock move on. Three of the soldiers had gone to bed, only the crop-headed, terrier-like old sergeant remained.

The landlady sat behind the bar fidgetting spasmodically with the newspaper. She looked again at the clock. At last it was five minutes to ten.

"Gentlemen—the enemy!" she said in her diminished, furious voice. "Time, please."

The men began to drop out, with a brief good night. It was a minute to ten. The landlady rose.

"Come," she said. "I'm shutting the door."

The last of the miners passed out. She stood, stout and menacing, holding the door. Still the stranger sat on by the fire, his black overcoat opened, smoking.

"We're closed now, sir," came the perilous, narrowed voice of the landlady.

The little, dog-like, hard-headed sergeant touched the arm of the stranger.

"Closing time," he said.

The stranger turned round in his seat, and his quick-moving, dark, meaningless eyes went from the sergeant to the landlady.

"I'm stopping here to-night," he said in his laconic Cornish-Yankee accent.

The landlady seemed to tower. Her eyes lifted strangely, frightening.

"Oh, indeed!" she cried. "Oh, indeed! And whose orders are those, may I ask?"

He looked at her again.

"My orders," he said.

Involuntarily she shut the door and advanced like a great, dangerous bird. Her voice rose, there was a touch of hoarseness in it.

"And what might *your* orders be, if you please?" she cried. "Who might *you* be, to give orders in the house?"

He sat still, watching her.

"You know who I am," he said. "Anyway, I know you."

"Oh, do you? Oh, do you? And who am *I* then, if you'll be so good as to tell me?"

He stared at her with his bright dark eyes.

"You're my missis, you are," he said. "And you know it as well as I do."

She started as if something had exploded in her.

Her eyes lifted and flared madly.

"*Do* I know it indeed!" she cried. "I know no such thing! I know no such thing! Do you think a man's going to walk into this bar, and tell me off-hand I'm his missis, and I'm going to believe him? I say to you, whoever you may be, you're mistaken. I know myself for no missis of yours, and I'll thank you to go out of this house this minute, before I get those that will put you out."

The man rose to his feet, stretching his head towards her a little. He was a handsomely built Cornishman in the prime of life.

"What, you don't know me?" he said in his steady voice, emotionless, but rather smothered and pressing; it reminded one of the girl's. "I should know you anywhere."

The woman was baffled.

"So you may say," she replied staccato. "So you may say. That's easy enough. My name's known and respected by most people for ten miles round. But I don't know *you*."

Her voice ran to sarcasm. "I can't say I know *you*. You're a *perfect* stranger to me, and I don't believe I've ever set eyes on you before to-night."

Her voice was very nasty and sarcastic.

"Yes, you have," replied the man in his reasonable way. "Yes, you have. Your name's my name, and that girl Mabel is my girl. You're my missis right enough."

He spoke as if it were an accepted fact. His face was handsome, with a strange, watchful alertness and a fundamental detachment that maddened her.

"You villain!" she cried. "You villain, to come to this house and dare to speak to me. You villain, you downright rascal!"

He looked at her.

"Aye," he said unmoved. "All that." But he was frightened of her.

She towered and drew near to him menacingly.

"You're going out of this house, aren't you?" She stamped her foot in sudden madness. "*This minute!*"

He watched her. He knew she wanted to strike him.

"No," he barked suddenly. "I've told you I'm stopping here."

He was afraid of her personality, but it did not alter him. She wavered. Her small, tawny-brown eyes concentrated in a point of vivid, sightless fury, like a tiger's. The man was wincing, but he stood his ground. Then she bethought herself. She would gather her forces.

"We'll see whether you're stopping here," she said. And she turned, with a curious, frightening lifting of her eyes, and surged out of the room. The man, listening,

heard her go upstairs, heard her tapping at a bedroom door, heard her saying: "Do you mind coming down a minute, boys? I want you, I'm in trouble."

The man in the bar took off his cap and his black overcoat and threw them on the seat behind him. His black hair was short and touched with grey at the temples. He wore a well-cut, well-fitting suit of dark grey, American in style, and a turn-down collar. He looked well-to-do, a fine, solid figure of a man. The rather rigid look of the shoulders came from his having had his collar-bone twice broken in the mines.

The little terrier of a sergeant, in dirty khaki, looked at him furtively.

"She's your missis?" he asked, jerking his head in the direction of the departed woman.

"Yes, she is," barked the man.

"Not seen her for a long time, haven't ye?"

"Sixteen years come March month."

"Hm!"

And the sergeant laconically resumed his smoking.

The landlady was coming back, followed by the three young soldiers, who entered rather sheepishly in trousers and shirt and stocking-feet. The woman stood histrionically at the end of the bar and exclaimed:

"That man refuses to leave the house, claims he's stopping the night here. You know very well I've no bed, don't you? And this house doesn't accommodate travellers. Yet he's going to stop in spite of all! But not while I've a drop of blood in my body, that I declare with my dying breath. And not if you men are worth the name of men, and will help a woman as has no one to help her."

Her eyes sparkled, her face was flushed pink, she breathed with difficulty. She was drawn up like an Amazon.

The young soldiers did not quite know what to do. They looked at the man, they looked at the sergeant, one of them looked down and fastened his braces on the second button.

"What say, sergeant?" asked one whose face twinkled for a little devilment.

"Man says he's husband to Mrs. Nankervis," said the sergeant.

"He's no husband of mine. I declare I never set eyes

on him before this night. It's a dirty trick, nothing else—it's a dirty trick."

"Why, you're a liar, to say you never set eyes on me before," barked the man near the hearth. "You're married to me, and that girl Mabel is mine—well enough you know it."

The young soldier looked on in delight, the sergeant smoked unperturbed.

"Yes," sang the landlady, slowly shaking her head in supreme sarcasm, "it sounds very pretty, doesn't it? But, you see, we don't believe a word of it, and *how* are you going to prove it?" She smiled nastily.

The man watched in silence for a moment, then he said:

"It wants no proof."

"Oh, yes, but it does! Oh, yes, but it does, sir; it wants a lot of proving!" sang the lady's sarcasm. "We're not such gulls as all that, to swallow your words whole."

But he stood unmoved near the fire. She stood with one hand resting on the zinc-covered bar; the sergeant sat with legs crossed, smoking, on the seat half-way between them; the three young soldiers in their shirts and braces stood wavering in the gloom behind the bar. There was silence.

"Do you know anything of the whereabouts of your husband, Mrs. Nankervis? Is he still living " asked the sergeant in his judicious fashion.

Suddenly the landlady began to cry, great scalding tears, that left the young men aghast.

"I know nothing of him," she sobbed, feeling for her pocket handkerchief. "He left me when Mabel was a baby, went mining to America, and after about six months never wrote a line nor sent me a penny-bit. I can't say whether he's alive or dead, the villain. All I've heard of him's to the bad—and I've heard nothing for years an' all, now." She sobbed violently.

The golden-skinned, handsome man near the fire watched her as she wept. He was frightened, he was troubled, he was bewildered; but none of his emotions altered him underneath.

There was no sound in the room but the violent sobbing of the landlady. The men, one and all, were overcome.

"Don't you think as you'd better go to-night?" said the sergeant to the man, with sweet reasonableness. "You'd better leave it a bit and arrange something between you. You can't have much claim on a woman if you've been gone like that."

The landlady sobbed heart-brokenly. The man watched her large breasts shake. They seemed to cast a spell over his mind.

"How I've treated her, that's no matter," he replied. "I've come back, and I'm going to stop in my own home—for a bit, anyhow. There, you've got it."

"A dirty action," said the sergeant, his face flushing dark. "A dirty action, to come, after deserting a woman for that number of years, and want to force yourself on her! A dirty action—as isn't allowed by the law."

The landlady wiped her eyes.

"Never you mind about law nor nothing," cried the man in a strange, strong voice. "I'm not going out of this public to-night."

The woman turned to the soldiers behind her and said, in a wheedling, sarcastic tone:

"Are we going to stand it, boys? Are we going to be done like this, Sergeant Thomas, by a scoundrel and a bully as has led a life beyond *mention* in those America mining camps, and then wants to come back and make havoc of a poor woman's life and savings, after having left her with a baby in arms to struggle as best she might? It's a crying shame if nobody will stand up for me—a crying shame——!"

The soldiers and the little sergeant were bristling. The woman stooped and rummaged under the counter for a minute. Then, unseen to the man away near the fire, she threw out a plaited grass rope, such as is used for binding bales, and left it lying near the feet of the young soldiers in the gloom at the back of the bar.

Then she rose and fronted the situation.

"Come now," she said to the man in a reasonable, coldly-coaxing tone, "put your coat on and leave us alone. Be a man, and not worse than a brute of a German. You can get a bed easy enough in St. Just, and if you've nothing to pay for it, sergeant would lend you a couple of shillings, I'm sure he would."

All eyes were fixed on the man. He was looking down at the woman like a creature bewitched.

"I've got money of my own," he said. "Don't you be frightened for your money, I've plenty of that, for the time."

"Well, then," she coaxed in a cold, almost sneering propitiation, "put your coat on and go where you're wanted —be a *man*, not a brute of a German."

She had drawn quite near to him in her challenging, coaxing intentness. He looked down at her with his bewitched face.

"No, I shan't," he said. "I shan't do no such thing. *You'll* put me up for to-night."

"Shall I?" she cried. And suddenly she flung her arms round him, hung on to him with all her powerful weight, calling to the soldiers: "Get the rope, boys, and fasten him up."

The man reared, looked round with maddened eyes, and heaved his powerful body. But the woman was powerful also, and very heavy, and was clenched with the determination of death. Her face, with its exulting, horribly vindictive look, was turned up to him from his own breast; he reached back his head frantically to get away from it. Meanwhile the young soldiers, after having watched this frightful Laocoön writhing for a moment, stirred, and the malicious one darted swiftly with the rope. It was tangled a little.

"Give the end here," cried the sergeant.

Meanwhile the big man heaved and struggled, swung the woman round against the seat and the table in his convulsive effort to get free. But she pinned down his arms like a cuttle-fish wreathed heavily upon him.

The young soldier had got the rope once round, the brisk sergeant helping him. The woman sank heavily lower; they got the rope round several times. In the struggle the victim fell over against the table. The ropes tightened till they cut his arms. The woman clung to his knees. Another soldier ran in a flash of genius and fastened the strange man's feet with the pair of braces. Seats had crashed over, the table was thrown against the wall, but the man was bound, his arms pinned against his sides, his feet tied. He lay half fallen, sunk against the table, still for a moment.

The woman rose, and sank, faint, on to the seat against the wall. Her breast heaved, she could not speak, she thought she was going to die. The bound man lay against the over-turned table, his coat all twisted beneath the ropes, leaving the loins exposed. The soldiers stood around, a little dazed.

The man began to struggle again, heaving instinctively against the ropes, taking great deep breaths. His face, with its golden skin, flushed dark and surcharged; he heaved again. The great veins in his neck stood out. But it was no good, he went relaxed. Then again, suddenly, he jerked his feet.

"Another pair of braces, William," cried the excited soldier. He threw himself on the legs of the bound man and managed to fasten the knees. Then again there was stillness. They could hear the clock tick.

The woman looked at the prostrate figure, the strong straight limbs, the strong back bound in subjection, the wide-eyed face that reminded her of a calf tied in a sack in a cart, only its head stretched dumbly backwards. And she was appeased.

The bound-up body began to struggle again. She watched, fascinated, the muscles working, the shoulders, the hips, the large clean thighs. Even now he might break the ropes. She was afraid. But the lively young soldier sat on the shoulders of the bound man, and after a few perilous moments there was stillness again.

"Now," said the judicious sergeant to the bound man, "if we untie you will you promise to go off and make no more trouble?"

"You'll not untie him in here," cried the woman. "I wouldn't trust him as far as I could blow him."

There was silence.

"We might carry him outside and undo him there," said the soldier. "Then we could get the policeman if he made any more bother."

"Yes," said the sergeant, "we could do that." Then again, in an altered, almost severe tone, to the prisoner: "If we undo you outside will you take your coat and go without creating any more disturbance?"

But the prisoner would not answer; he only lay with

wide, dark, bright eyes, like a bound animal. There was a space of perplexed silence.

"Well, then, do as you say," said the woman irritably. "Carry him out amongst you, and let us shut up the house."

They did so. Picking up the bound man the four soldiers staggered clumsily into the silent square in front of the inn, the woman following with the cap and the overcoat. The young soldiers quickly unfastened the braces from the prisoner's legs, and they hopped indoors. They were in their stockinged feet, and outside the stars flashed cold. They stood in the doorway watching. The man lay quite still on the cold ground.

"Now," said the sergeant in a subdued voice, "I'll loosen the knot and he can work himself free, if you go in, missis."

She gave a last look at the dishevelled, bound man as he sat on the ground. Then she went indoors, followed quickly by the sergeant. Then they were heard locking and barring the door.

The man seated on the ground outside worked and strained at the rope. But it was not so easy to undo himself even now. So, with hands bound, making an effort, he got on his feet, and went and worked the cord against the rough edge of an old wall. The rope, being of a kind of plaited grass, soon frayed and broke, and he freed himself. His arms were hurt and bruised from the bonds. He rubbed them slowly. Then he pulled his clothes straight, stooped, put on his cap, struggled into his overcoat, and walked away.

The stars were very brilliant. Clear as crystal the beam from the lighthouse under the cliffs struck rhythmically on the night. Dazed, the man walked along the road past the churchyard. Then he stood leaning up against a wall for a long time.

He was roused because his feet were so cold. So he pulled himself together and turned again in the silent night back towards the inn.

The bar was in darkness. But there was a light in the kitchen. He hesitated. Then very quietly he tried the door.

He was surprised to find it open. He entered and quietly closed it behind him. Then he went down the step

past the bar-counter and through to the lighted doorway of the kitchen. There sat his wife, planted in front of the range, where a furze fire was burning. She sat in a chair full in front of the range, her knees wide apart on the fender. She looked over her shoulder at him as he entered, but she did not speak. Then she stared in the fire again.

It was a small, narrow kitchen. He dropped his cap on the table, that was covered with yellowish American cloth, and took a seat, with his back to the wall, near the oven. His wife still sat with her knees apart, her feet on the steel fender, and stared into the fire motionless. Her skin was smooth and rosy in the firelight. Everything in the house was very clean and bright. The man sat silent too, his head dropped. And thus they remained.

It was a question who would speak first. The woman leaned forward and poked the ends of the sticks in between the bars of the range. He lifted his head and looked at her.

"Others gone to bed, have they?" he asked.

But she remained closed in silence.

"'S a cold night out," he said, as if to himself.

And he laid his large, yet well-shapen, workman's hand on the top of the stove, that was polished black and smooth as velvet. She would not look at him, yet she glanced out of the corners of her eyes.

His eyes were fixed brightly on her, the pupils large and electric like those of a cat.

"I should have picked you out among a thousand," he said.

She was silent for some time. Then she turned in her chair upon him.

"What do you think of yourself," she said, "coming back on me like *this* after over fifteen year? You don't think I've not heard of you, neither, in Bute City and elsewhere?"

He was watching her with his clear, translucent, unchallenged eyes.

"Yes," he said. "Chaps comes an' goes—I've heard tell of you from time to time."

She drew herself up.

"And what lies have you heard about *me*?" she demanded superbly.

"I dunno as I've heard any lies at all—'cept as you was getting on very well, like."

His voice ran easy and detached. Her anger stirred again in her violently. But she subdued it, because of the danger there was in him, and more, perhaps, because of the beauty of his head and his level-drawn brows, which she could not bear to forfeit.

"That's more than I can say of *you*," she said. "I've heard more harm than good about *you*."

"Aye, I dessay," he said, looking into the fire. It was a long time since he had seen the furze burning, he said to himself. There was a silence, during which she watched his face.

"Do you call yourself a *man*?" she said, more in contemptuous reproach than in anger. "Leave a woman, as you've left me, you don't care to what!—and then to turn up in *this* fashion without a word to say for yourself."

He stirred in his chair, planted his feet apart, and, resting his arms on his knees, looked steadily into the fire without answering. So near to her was his head and the close black hair she could scarcely refrain from touching it.

"Do you call that the action of a *man*?" she repeated.

"No," he said, reaching and poking the bits of wood into the fire with his fingers. "I didn't call it anything, as I know of."

She watched him in his actions. There was a longer and longer pause between each speech, though neither knew it.

"I *wonder* what you think of yourself?" she exclaimed with vexed emphasis. "I *wonder* what sort of a fellow you take yourself to be!" She was really perplexed as well as angry.

"Well," he said, lifting his head to look at her, "I guess it takes my sort to make up all sorts."

Her heart beat fiery hot as he lifted his face to her. She breathed heavily, averting her face, almost losing her self-control.

"And what do you take *me* to be?" she cried in real distress.

His face was lifted, watching her, watching her soft, averted face, and the softly heaving mass of her breasts.

"I take you," he said with that laconic truthfulness

which exercised such power over her, "to be a fine woman —as fine a built woman as I've seen, handsome with it as well."

Her heart beat fiery hot.

"Not handsome to *you*," she said cryptically.

He made no answer to this, but sat with his bright, quick eyes upon her.

Then he rose. She started involuntarily. But he only said in his soft, measured way:

"It's warm in here, now."

And he pulled off his overcoat, throwing it on the table. She sat as if slightly cowed whilst he did so.

"Them ropes has given my arms something, they have," he said abstractedly, feeling his arms with his hands.

Still she sat in her chair before him, slightly cowed.

"Wasn't half a bad dodge of yours to hang on to me like that," he said, "and get me tied up—not half a bad dodge. You fixed me up proper—proper, you did."

He went behind her chair and put his hands over her shoulders on to her full soft breasts. She shrank as if struck.

"But I don't think no harm of you for it," came his balanced, soft, absent voice, as his strong fingers seemed to move her very heart. "You're a darn sight too fine a woman for me to bear you any grudge, you are that!"

He put his hand under her soft, full chin and lifted her face. Almost a groan of helpless, desirous resentment came from her lips as he kissed her.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Wanted: a New Liberal Party

By Sir H. H. Johnston

ALTHOUGH for the moment public opinion has been calmed by the resignation of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet and the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister there is still a very strong resentment in the minds of people who hold progressive views as to the prostitution of the Liberal Party under Mr. Asquith's two Administrations. After 1907 it gradually came home to the minds of thinking people that in so far as they had thrown themselves heart and soul into the bringing back to power of a Liberal Government, they had changed little or nothing in our Governmental procedure, had advanced by a very slight degree our desire for reforms in all directions. *Plus c'était changé, plus c'était la même chose.* There was, it is true, a brief twelve months of real Liberalism under Campbell-Bannerman, and then with the advent of Mr. Asquith to power we got back under the rule of that clique which had been gradually formed since the last decade of the nineteenth century. A clique of wealthy personages, of a few aristocratic families which, with their numerous connections in permanent officialdom, together with the Speaker of the House of Commons, and one or two publicists and professors, really governed the country, no matter whether it was a Conservative-Unionist or a Liberal-Radical party in power. This family circle, so to speak, occasionally recruited powerful wealthy men from the outside, or they entered the circle by marriage. But this family circle was resolved as far as possible to keep back reforms in domestic legislation or in our manner of dealing with the Empire or with foreign affairs. The family circle had been deeply infected with the type of Imperialism generated by the late Mr. Chamberlain and—to speak quite frankly—Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and all who worked for and with them in the Press. Rhodes had many a good idea in his wonderful head and many a beneficent purpose, and represented, perhaps, the most attractive side of this move-

ment. But the Home politicians who joined with him, and who backed him, had eyes and mind chiefly on Stock Exchange speculations, and on the benefits that would accrue financially from backing this or that "Imperial" movement. Many of us—as eager as any to build up a world-wide Empire—parted company with such promoters at the beginning of the present century over the question of the rights of subject peoples not of the white man's breed, and of the methods of their government. We did not wish —heaven forbid!—to dissolve the Empire, but rather to extend it, and to put it on a firmer basis by gradually educating sections of the coloured peoples to govern themselves, firstly in small, and later in great matters; at any rate, to care very much for their inherent rights, to convince them (especially as education was spreading amongst them) that it lay to their material interest, as well as to their moral advancement, to remain subjects of the British Empire. In such matters, for example, as the distribution of alcohol, we would not willingly have allowed our Southern Asiatic colonies and our West African colonies to have their native populations seriously impaired by the consumption of distilled spirits merely so that the local governments might find in this an easy source of taxation, or great distillers in Britain, Holland, or Germany amass huge fortunes.

Neither could we look then or now with a lenient eye on the abuse of alcohol in our own land and the serious extent to which it has affected home efficiency and national thrift.

Yet, under the Unionist Government of Mr. Balfour, as under the so-called Liberal Government of Mr. Asquith, reformers met with little sympathy. Probably if Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman had lived in continued vigour we should long ago have had some far-reaching form of restriction over the sale of distilled alcohol for human consumption. But gradually we found that the Administration of Mr. Asquith was in scarcely any particular different from the Administration of Mr. Balfour, and that both Administrations alike were at the beck and call of rich men. Can anybody who is sincere in his desire for honest and progressive government approve the way in which both parties of the State sell peerages, honours, appointments, and advancements? And this course of conduct is more repulsive still under a professed Liberal Administration which pretends to regard purity in politics as one of its aims. Yet, even

Campbell-Bannerman had, with a grunt or two of dissatisfaction, to submit to the Sovereign for peerages men scarcely known to the outer public, whose only claim to reward was that they had subscribed relatively huge sums to the Liberal Party chest. Not only did such subscribers —and any reader of this article who at all understands Home politics can name them—make the return to power of the Liberals a probability by enormously endowing their party funds and thereby secure for themselves a peerage, a baronetcy, or a privy councillorship, *but* they insisted, as part of the bargain, that their nominees—sons, nephews, sons-in-law, cousins—should be in the Ministry in a major or a minor degree—generally in a minor degree, with an understood promise that advancement should follow. In the Cabinet which resigned last December one could single out several Ministers who had begun as Under-Secretaries in 1906-1907 and advanced to be full Cabinet Ministers and Heads of Department in the following years, not because of any personal merit or competence, but solely because their father or their uncle or their father-in-law had given enormous sums to the party funds.

Such men, as often as not, came into the Departments of State by no means eager to reform them or make them more efficient. Generally they knew little or nothing of the work which lay before them, and therefore were completely at the mercy of the permanent officials. And if there is one body of men more than another resolved to the setting of teeth and the clenching of hands that there should be no change and no reform it is the permanent officials. The type of examination through which they successfully passed to State appointments was good enough for them in the 'sixties, the 'seventies, and the 'eighties, and must be good enough for all who come after, however ludicrously inadequate it might be to the changed conditions of the British Empire in the second decade of the twentieth century.

I do not know what may be the personal politics of the editor of this REVIEW. I do not even stop to think whether he will approve of my article and agree with me. He has given me the hospitality of his pages to state the case for a new and a genuine Liberal Party, mainly because it is impossible to publish such an article in the officially-Liberal newspapers and reviews. Naturally, of course, the professed Conservative organs of opinion do not see the need

for any Liberal Party at all. They think that there is Liberalism enough, a sufficient desire for progress amongst Conservatives. There, unfortunately, I cannot agree with them, or I should be content with things as they are, with a virtually Conservative Government in power at the present time. I am quite willing, however, to admit that under Conservative Administrations, especially those headed by the late Lord Salisbury, we got just as good reforms, as sound and as lasting enlargements of civic freedom, as we ever did under any Liberal Administration. It is a patent fact that in some directions Gladstone, Lord Morley, Sir William Harcourt and other great Liberal statesmen were obstinately Conservative. I remember well a surprising speech of Lord Morley's, delivered at the Queen's Hall on the eve of Mr. Balfour's retirement in 1905, in which he characterised some of the dearest reforms of Liberals as "wild-cat schemes," though a few of them were subsequently brought into effect by Campbell-Bannerman and have proved most beneficial. Lord Morley, however, must always be remembered thankfully for his wise improvements in the government of India; just as Gladstone has earned our gratitude for abolishing a good many serious abuses, even if we could not agree with him as to the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture.

But what is wanted is a new Liberal Party, and, best of all, a great Progressive Party, in which the existing Labour Parties, the Liberal Party, and the wisest amongst the Conservatives should be included: a party that makes for steady progress, substantial, useful reforms, and enlargements of human freedom; here and wherever else we are responsible for the government of the Empire. If you were to collate the opinions of all persons who might naturally be in such a party you would find them in favour of a certain list of reforms which have been perpetually scouted, trifled with, or opposed by Mr. Asquith and prominent members of his Cabinet.

(1) The enlightened among us want some effective method of controlling the manufacture and distribution of alcohol, so that persons incapable of judging for themselves shall be saved from consuming dangerous or unwholesome alcoholic preparations. No real injury in this direction would be done to any important British interest, for, as Dr. Saleeby has pointed out, we want all the alcohol that

can be manufactured as a chemical agent and a source of motive power; and it might be possible to brew beer of a kind that would do no harm to the insides or minds of the people who consume it. Wines unfortified by brandy are either wholesome or harmless; and there are many other national drinks, like cider and ginger-beer, which could be manufactured very advantageously by the brewing industry.

(2) We want reforms of the law of marriage which shall deal reasonably with the demand for facilities in divorce, especially amongst the poorer classes (it is remarkable that this need, like so many others, was foreseen by Dickens, and is admirably treated in his story "Hard Times").

(3) We want far-reaching reforms in education, so as to make our nation infinitely more efficient than it is at the present day (every movement in this direction has been blocked at every turn by the Asquithians). And it is not very consoling at the present time to note that Asquithianism of the most marked kind—compulsory Greek, and all the rest of the programme—has just been inducted into the Education Office by the new Minister of Education.

(4) We want far-reaching reforms in our Civil Service—in the War Office, in the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, to a lesser degree in the India Office, in the Board of Agriculture and the Board of Trade, and in other public departments of State.

I have given the substance of these reforms in my recently published book, "The Truth About the War."

(5) We want the Irish question *settled* on lines consistent with local desires and the safety of the United Kingdom; we want Imperial federation and a sound organisation of the Empire on that basis, with the establishment of an Imperial Council which shall carefully consider and establish our foreign relations, our trade relations within and without the Empire, our administration of backward countries, and our forces of offence and defence on land, sea and air. The Asquithians often tendered lip-service to the idea of Imperial federation, but in secret opposed it and put countless obstacles in its path.

There is no particular need for any more attacking and pulling down of churches. The harm which may be done by the Established Church of England is infinitesimal, and the good is great. It serves as a rallying point of what

is most reasonable in Christianity, and its further disestablishment should not occupy the minds of serious statesmen for another hour. Public opinion, no doubt, will constrain the Church of England in the United Kingdom to reform itself as regards a better redistribution of funds in their employment. The fiss-fass-fuss that was made over the Church in Wales by the official Liberal Party was a mere matter of disgusting jobbery, a bait for the support of the more fanatical and less well educated amongst the Welsh Members.

Perhaps, however, it is along the general lines of education that the Liberal Party has served us worst, and requires a complete reorganisation. From its entrance into power in 1906, with the sole exception of a small endowment given to the Royal Geographical Society and the strengthening of teaching in chemical science and physics at South Kensington, nothing was done by it to meet the need for the New Learning. Professor Spenser Wilkinson, in the early years of the last Liberal Administration, called attention to the grotesquely inapposite education imparted to and required from students entering Sandhurst or the Military College in order to become officers in the Army. No right or adequate reform was brought about in similar examinations from which are selected officials in the Diplomatic, Colonial, and other Civil Services of the Crown. Similarly, Mr. Asquith and his leading ministers showed themselves quite unsympathetic towards real reforms in the direction of efficiency in the War Office, in the Diplomatic and Consular Services, in the government of Crown Colonies and Protectorates, in the government of India, though here to a great extent their inertia or recalcitrancy was countered by the existence of the India Office Council. The two Liberal Administrations in turn scoffed equally at any idea of giving a small pittance towards the study of Anthropology and Ethnology, though such sciences dealing with Man are of the greatest importance to statesmen, politicians, administrators, and indeed to almost all intelligent citizens of the Empire.

Secrecy, mystery in the shaping of foreign policy and the conduct of foreign affairs reigned at the Foreign Office under Mr. Asquith as it had never done previously, at any rate since the early part of the last century. The nation and the elected representatives of the nation as often as not

found themselves committed to some far-reaching policy of positively baleful tendencies before they were aware that it was even being discussed. It is true the texts of agreements or treaties were sometimes submitted to the House of Commons and the House of Lords for their approval, but in the condition of an accomplished fact, the disavowal of which would bring a Ministry to resign and would throw contempt on the seriousness of Great Britain as a negotiator. Presented with a *fait accompli*, as a rule the House grumblingly assented, or, it may be, being but ill-informed, cheerfully agreed, hardly understanding what results might ensue. To meet the even worse possibilities of such a policy, if it became welded into the British constitution, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, a son of Queen Victoria's Private Secretary, himself a former diplomatic official and recently Private Secretary to a Prime Minister—consequently, no mere ignorant upstart in public affairs—proposed three years ago that there should come into existence in the House of Commons a parallel institution to what is so beneficial in France—a Parliamentary Committee dealing with Foreign Affairs, an epitome of the two Houses possibly, which should at every stage be conferred with and consulted by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Committee would, of course, be chosen by the House of Commons, who would pick out from its own body and the House of Lords individuals whom it knew to be thoroughly acquainted with foreign countries and foreign affairs—and there surely are such, or were such, to the extent at any rate of fifteen persons. The whole Committee would probably only have consisted of fifteen, including members of the House of Lords. Yet we are left to gather from Lord Robert Cecil's speeches the inference that besides himself and the then Sir Edward Grey* there were probably no other members of the House who knew anything about foreign affairs, and he had to admit that the two exceptions might quite possibly conduct this important branch of our business "badly."

Of course this was ridiculous. One might almost go to the other extreme and say that there were a hundred persons out of the 670 who probably knew far more about foreign

* Sir Edward Grey, who as Foreign Minister staked the existence of the British and French Empires on an Alliance with a Russian Empire governed by a licentious Siberian monk and an hysterical woman, instead of an Empire governed by the Russian people.

affairs and foreign policy than did Viscount Grey (who had virtually never travelled on the Continent of Europe before this war broke out) or even Lord Robert Cecil, also not conspicuous as a traveller, a linguist, or one who had given special time and attention to the consideration of foreign policy. Yet this was a state of affairs that the Liberal Administration and its faithful Liberal Press regarded with positive satisfaction. Only the other day a prominent London Liberal paper returned to the charge and again trounced Mr. Ponsonby and all who wrote in any way favourably towards his project, asserting that even if the Ministers mentioned *did* conduct foreign affairs badly, Mr. Asquith's disapprobation of this Foreign Affairs Committee of the House was sufficient condemnation of the project.

In short: so complete a turn round has there been of the Liberal Party and the Press that supported and followed it, that at least 200 members of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, with Mr. Asquith at their head, still stand up in defence of incompetent bureaucracy; and the Liberal, not the Conservative, Press that supports them opposes all reforms which might dissipate such a monstrous idea (as it seems in the twentieth century) of autocratic rule by a camarilla of men who in one direction and another have been found quite incompetent to foresee, to organise, to moderate, to enlarge, and generally to conduct the home and the foreign policy of Great Britain and the British Empire.*

Seeing that Mr. Asquith resigned last December, and that he did so at a time when he was crushed with a terrible family bereavement, in which the sympathy of every man and woman went forth to him, the publication of such an article as this might seem unseemly, even cruel, were it not that when he had resigned, and when all the facts about his incompetent government were or should have been thoroughly known, 200 Liberal Members of Parliament and several representatives of Labour met at the Reform Club and passed a vote of unstinted confidence in him as a leader of the British people; were it not also that in various

* Owing to the control which the Family Circle has over things, it is probable that the final verdict of the Commissions of Enquiry into the Gallipoli and Mesopotamia disasters will not be given for several years to come. But surely the country, through the Press, has learnt enough of Mr. Asquith's administration of war affairs to realise the price we have had to pay for his blunders and for his unpardonable delays; and, in consequence, to refuse ever again to submit to his rule.

directions it is obvious that Mr. Asquith intends to re-enter the political arena and to fight once more for the Premiership. It is strange that it should be so, because his greatest friend can point to no really beneficial measures which have come from Mr. Asquith or his personal influence since he assumed office as Premier in 1907. In that capacity he ruled us for ten years. This in itself has been a nearly unprecedented term of one-man power, longer by two years than the doubled Presidency of any great man in the United States. As we do not wish to build up a Diaz-like Dictatorship, ten years of uninterrupted Premiership is almost enough for any citizen of the Empire, and decorum alone would dictate abdication, so as to give other men and other influences a chance. But no: apparently a great fight is still to be made by the enemies of real progress, of real modern education, real reforms, to reinstate Mr. Asquith in office. He has become the Leader of the Opposition, and if Mr. Lloyd George's Government fell it would be to him that the King would be expected to appeal for the formation of a new Ministry. He has surely had his share of the good things of life, a share which some might hold to be disproportionate to his merits and achievements as a statesman. There are numerous people amongst his henchmen who hope to return to power with him, who likewise have reigned over their several Departments equally long, and who might well now be expected to stand aside and let other men have their chance.

I do not argue specially in favour of young men. There are some men at seventy better compacted for governing, fuller of newer and sounder ideas than "old" young men, case-hardened by Balliol against novelty of thought or independence of action. But what from every point of view we do want, and want urgently, is the creation of a new Liberal Party, one which shall be very closely in touch with the New Learning, thoroughly trained in the applications of modern science, thoroughly conversant with the Empire as a whole, and with the leading foreign countries and leading foreign languages; men who shall be progressive with ardour, while at the same time sufficiently educated to be appreciative of the value of historic continuity, of great monuments and institutions of the past. Theoretically, of course, this new party should have the Labour Party as its nucleus. The Labour Party ought to

include within its ranks everyone who has in any way to work for his or her living, namely, eight-tenths of the adult population of the British Islands. But the actual Labour Party is hampered at every turn as a rule (with a few rare exceptions) by the miserably inadequate education that its exponents and orators received in the hard times of their youth, when as often as not the whole of their energies had to be devoted to the acquisition of daily bread. Consequently, the Labour Party as it stands has been so ill-informed that it has usually had very humbly to agree to any propositions put forth by superior persons of the Conservative or the Liberal Parties, who have had all the advantages of birth, wealth, a public school, and a university education. Or if the exponents of Labour's ideas have rebelled against the views of the middle or the upper classes, it has been foolishly, petulantly, ignorantly, so that men have laughed behind their hands at their miscalculations or array of false facts. Hitherto Labour in its masses has given no support to educational reform, no support to the right control of alcohol, a very insufficient support to franchise reform, or to such measures as should long ago have been undertaken by an honest Liberal Government for facilitating the membership of Parliament for poor but educated people, or the conduct of Parliamentary affairs so that there was no needless waste of time or quite so many ways of subterfuge by which little conspiracies behind the Speaker's chair could effectually check the passing of measures greatly desired by the mass of the people. But the Labour is there, an outstanding fact. Nothing good can be done without its co-operation. Happy signs are everywhere visible now that it is being flooded with new knowledge. Let us hope that from out of this terrible whirlpool there may emerge a great party of progress, reform, reconstruction, initiation, which with the Labour Party as its nucleus may secure all Liberals who are not jobbers and self-seekers, and all Conservatives who realise that what may have been good for Great Britain and the British Empire in 1850, or 1880, or 1910, is not good enough for their native land and its 13,000,000 square miles of Empire across the seas in the second decade of the twentieth century.

The Present State of English Secondary Schools

By a Secondary Schoolmaster

Optimists tell us that when the men come back from the war everything will be changed, trade is to be reorganised, the land question settled, poverty turned out of doors—in short, a sort of millennium of social happiness is to begin. All this sounds very comfortable, though not at all convincing, for it seems to me that unless the mainspring of our national clockwork be properly readjusted there is going to be no reform at all, and not one jot of social happiness worth speaking of. So far the British Government has made no particular move towards resetting the mainspring. I refer to national secondary education in all its branches. Elementary education, which is not half so bad, is naturally dependent upon it, and will improve quite easily when properly trained minds have been turned out to regulate and control.

The English secondary teacher is the worst informed, the most handicapped, and the most badly paid (per time) of any in Europe, if we omit Spain and the Balkan States. As a result the English boy is so ignorant and illiterate that he can rarely keep up an intelligent conversation with any Continental boy of his own age. The influence of an indolent home-life helps to foster an unworthy tradition and check any mental growth on his part. I speak authoritatively, having now taught in French, English, and German secondary schools for some fourteen years, and claim to know a little about them. Schools of the municipal type, most of them new, and often divorced from all traditions of "tone," have been run too frequently on soulless, stereotyped German lines, without the accompaniment of Teuton thoroughness and scientific efficiency; whilst the public schools continue to turn out the same genial slackers

(educated to command, maybe) who know a little of everything and nothing at all in particular. The principal of one of the oldest of these most honourable institutions has lately said that: "An English public school is the best instrument yet devised for making a decent citizen out of an average English boy." I would most heartily lift my small voice in agreement, adding, however, that a decent citizen has too often proved himself to be a decent ignoramus, and won't help us far out of the quagmire with his comfortable motto of: "Be good, sweet man, and let who will be clever."

But these are by no means the only educational institutions for England's youth in its teens. There are hundreds of old-fashioned grammar schools, and their type, with an attendance of from forty to one hundred and fifty boys which have not kept pace with the age, and, like so many of the public schools, have lost all sense of educational perspective in their furious cult of these damnable athletics. The private schools, very numerous, run generally for mere financial profit, and as commercially as the common shop, are less efficient and even more shameless; and there are certainly a far greater number of these than in all Germany, France, and the Scandinavian countries added together. But it seems to me that the whole spirit of English education is commercial. Teachers impress upon their pupils (though often unwittingly) the need of the purely utilitarian and the acquisition of something which will bring financial gain. It may be, too, that it is often the only way of making them learn. How often boys have said to me: "Please, sir, what is the good of doing this? It will not help me to write a business letter or to add up accounts." Moreover, the town grammar school or municipal school (and its kind) is almost always controlled by local governors, for the most part close-fisted business men who will get a cheap dominie if they can, and bargain with him over a five-pound note. This committee of money-grubbers often includes all the urban sweepings—the ubiquitous vicar; a bullying ironmonger; an illiterate mill-owner, who started life as a cobbler; a pair of haberdashers; and William Jones, Esq., the mayor, who drops his h's, and educationally doesn't know a hawk from a hand-saw. These preposterous governors have full power to regulate

salaries and dismiss masters as they choose. I have known them appoint a young Frenchman over the head of an efficient English language master, totally misled by his title of bachelier-ès-lettres, which I need hardly say only means *matric.*, and is a boy's diploma. I have known them go into ecstasies at securing the services of a Belgian "professeur" (rightly so styled in his testimonials), blissfully ignorant of the fact that translated into pedagogic English "professeur" means "teacher," and does not even imply any academic qualifications. The headmaster, fortunately, often appoints men at his own free will, but the nomination is nearly always subject to the approval of some absurd committee, and when he sits in council with it he is liable to be overruled. Moreover, when it is a question of foreign appointments and the choosing of graduates from other universities than his own, he is often as much in the dark as the committee. When an appointment is to be made a batch of likely candidates is called up, and the best-looking one (or most athletic) is generally selected. Headmasters are chosen in exactly the same way, and always by the governors. I know of a highly qualified and capable assistant, the sort of head that is really needed, who has been called up for interview five times, and has always been rejected, probably because he speaks with a lisp, has a slight cast in one eye, and wears a very rough shock of red hair. By our looks ye shall judge us.

Even more scandalous is the agency system. Ever since I remember headmasters have worked hand and glove with the "Scholastic Agent." Comparatively few posts are advertised in the *Times*, *Athenæum*, or the educational journals. The most prosperous of these educational middlemen makes annual profits, I should think, of from £1,000 to £10,000. Possibly they are higher. I have his prospectus before me, and it may be instructive to the British public to quote some of his rules: First—A commission of five per cent. will be charged on the amount of salary agreed upon for the first year on resident and non-resident appointments, which fee shall be due as soon as an engagement has been accepted, etc. Second—(Temporary Engagements)—A commission of ten per cent, will be charged on the amount of salary agreed upon for both resident and non-resident engagements for any period not

exceeding six months in duration, etc. Third—All information respecting vacant appointments is furnished in *strict confidence and must not be disclosed.* (The italics are his own.)

Now, what does all this mean? When a master thinks fit to change his school and applies for a post of, say, £160 (the average teaching salary of assistants, with the public schools thrown in and £60 added on for resident posts, is only £160), he finds himself upon appointment bound to pay the agent £8 on his first year's income, and the same amount if he only stays six months—a preposterous commission when you consider that nearly every decent school in England, with the exception of the first dozen top grade, seems to apply to him at some time or other. Even more maddening is the fact that the agent's recommendation helps to influence the appointment. On one occasion he informed me that he would recommend me for any post I liked to apply for (suitable or, presumably, otherwise) providing that I let him know my choice in time. This was strict and impartial commercialism, as I had just buried the hatchet of a standing quarrel and paid him a commission fee long overdue. The notices of vacant posts he sent me included such respectable public schools as Dulwich College and their kind. Now I come to the coolest thing of all. At the bottom of the prospectus there is this impudent footnote thickly underlined. *No commission charge made to purchasers.* So teachers are really sold like cattle, the educators of England's youth, upon whom her national welfare and greatness depend, are bartered at the mere whim of a self-interested middleman; only instead of the flourishing headmaster finding the price, his underpaid assistant has to produce it for him. Appended to the prospectus there is a list of nearly 200 purchasers and patrons. It includes three bishops, several university lecturers and deans, and more principals of public schools than I have time to count. So much for the "distinguished episcopal, clerical, and lay patronage."* And yet no voice, as far as I know, has ever been raised in public protest.

* "The Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools" run their own Agency. The commission fee is only 2 per cent. for members, or considerably less than that for cash down; and is only intended to cover expenses and not to make profits. Yet because it is

But the Dawn of Hope is slowly breaking. The "Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools" has lately made out a policy to be submitted to the Board of Education. Let me quote a few of their recommendations from the first printed draft which I have before me. There are forty-seven in all, and any foreigner reading through the whole list would be amazed to think that the deficiencies which the clauses imply should be possible in a civilised nation like England. (*a*) The State should be the ultimate authority for education; (*b*) The financial responsibility for education should be determined by the State; (*c*) The State should be directly responsible for the provision of salaries and pensions; (*d*) There should be adequate representation of the teaching profession on all educational authorities; (*e*) There should be a Ministry of Education, consisting of a Council, whose members should be nominated in suitable proportions by the Teachers' Registration Council and by the leading professional, technical, industrial, and commercial bodies; (*f*) For the purpose of local administration the country should be divided into provinces, each with a university at present existing or to be created as its centre; (*g*) The provincial education authority should consist, as to one-half, of representatives of all branches of the teaching profession, and as to the other, of representatives of local interests; (*h*) The teachers of each school should be appointed by the Provincial Education Council, acting in consultation with the headmaster, *from the official list of the Ministry of Education. All vacancies should be advertised in the official education gazette;* (*i*) The minimum salary scale for teachers in boys' schools should include a commencing salary of not less than £150, rising automatically by annual increments of £10 to £300, and thence by annual increments of £15 to at least £450; (*j*) A sufficient proportion of the staff of every secondary school should consist of highly-trained specialists, each responsible for the teaching of his special subject or group of

comparatively recent and does not ask to be backed by "distinguished Episcopal, Clerical, and Lay Patronage," headmasters do not sufficiently apply to it, though most of the first-rate assistants are on its books. The address is Joint Scholastic Agency, 23 Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

subjects, and not to be required, or expected, to teach any subject, or group of subjects, but his own.

All these clauses seem encouraging, but the one marked (*g*) surely reeks too strongly of our time-honoured selfish commercialism. "Representatives of local interests" may be good fellows, but, on the other hand, they may look far too readily after their own financial and commercial prosperity at the cost of everything else.

The clause "a sufficient proportion of the staff of every secondary school should consist of highly-trained specialists, etc.," is surely not worded half strongly enough, considering the academic incompetents termed "specialists," who are often given the choicest posts. Why not append that the whole university system must be revised! At present the B.A. training only extends to three years, a period of time quite inadequate to train even an efficient form master, let alone a specialist, particularly when we consider the elementary character of the English matriculation or university entrance examination as it now stands. The German matriculation test which authorises reading for a degree is at least up to the standard of the London Intermediate B.A., and is probably in many respects nearer the equivalent of the B.A. itself. After satisfying in this, the would-be German dominie has to read for four or five years (it is generally five) for the Teachers' State Examination (*Oberlehrer* Degree), the course embracing sound research work and the principles governing research. Even this does not fully qualify him, for when he has succeeded in the examination he must go through a thorough course in practical and theoretical pedagogy, lasting two years, before he receives an appointment. All this means that the German secondary teachers have *at least six years' preparation* against our *three*, with a *far bigger start* at the very beginning to help them on the road. It is not wonderful that Germany has been beating us all round in peaceful occupations when her instructors are so thoroughly equipped. It is not wonderful that Germany is a country of "damned professors" and brilliant organisers when her university system is so searching and complete. I know of lecturers and professors of German, on the staff of British universities before and since the war—sharp-witted Teutons who qualified in their own country and then left

it for English gold—whose acquirements were too low to allow of their taking posts in their own country other than in middle or elementary schools. Their degrees of "doctor of philology" were not sufficiently distinctive, unaccompanied as they were by the evidences of really valuable research, to permit of their becoming *Dozenten* (university lecturers) in the *kultured* country of the Goths, and they had not passed the *Oberlehrer* degree, which alone grants admission to first-grade secondary schools. This may sound astounding, but it is nevertheless true; and we have sat down to this thing and honoured these indifferent scholars who have taken away opportunities from natural Englishmen, who hoped for higher academic posts in the land of their forefathers.

As regards the English boy, he is but a reflect of the handicapped and half-educated teacher. He evinces, in so many schools, little or no enthusiasm for anything except games. Both boys and masters so frequently seem to consider any burning enthusiasm outside the playing fields as "bad form." The State should *enforce* a higher standard upon the boys, and grant special privileges to all who matriculate upon leaving school, whether they enter upon a university career or not. Then they would be too fully occupied to find time to roar with laughter at Shakespeare's serious moods, or cold-shoulder the little chap who swanks pathetically because he really can talk French well and feels himself a small king among so many of wisdom's profaners. At present not more than ten per cent. of our boys in secondary schools matriculate or pass an equivalent examination upon leaving. And I think I am right in saying that the standard set by the London, Oxford, and Cambridge Universities (including, of course, the Senior Locals) is really very easy. In fact, it is far too low, and should be raised to keep our boys at school till eighteen or nineteen years have been reached. At present fifteen seems to be the average age of leaving. And how ridiculous are some of these examination tests! Both the London Matriculation and the Oxford and Cambridge Senior Locals persist in treating French and German as dead languages, since they do not exact any oral test and leave a *viva voce* examination to the free will of the candidate.

But we are *all* to blame. While so few masters possess true enthusiasm, neither do they show imagination—qualities which will carry an instructor with indifferent scholarship a long way, and without which even a veritable scholar will reap no visible harvest. The chief mission of pedagogy is to create healthy interests, to excite the mind towards its own discovery. And it seems to me that it is only imagination which can beget true enthusiasm. An instructor of mathematics and the natural sciences ought to be an embryo (if not actual) inventor or discoverer. An instructor of English or modern or ancient languages ought to be able to write a passable poem, a play, a short story, and not be dependent upon mere text-books for his literary criticism; or if philology be his bent, he should have a wide field of interest in the investigation of dialects and their development, as is the case with so many of the Scandinavian and German teachers.

We have a firm foundation upon which to build. The British boy shows himself the best-hearted and most willing fellow in the world when once the outer garment of his frivolity has fallen away from him. Our school institutions, such as debating societies, the prefect system, boy scouts, school magazines (even our games, when not done to death) have not their parallel in all Europe. But we want a missionary who will recreate the whole reposing fabric, who will give us an ennobling organisation and teach us not to be afraid of ourselves. Enthusiasm, imagination, invention; the cult of body, soul, and mind in perfect proportion; a real zest for knowledge and the sane and wholesome, as well as the inculcation of the public-school principles of honour and fair play—this is what so many of us are crying out for. The aim of all education should be the acquirement of individual happiness and national strength and efficiency. May the memory of our half-million dead and the prayers of our thought-starved living move the stony-hearted to compassion.

The Pay of the Navy

By Lionel Yexley

The pay of the Navy is a terribly complicated affair, the tables dealing with it covering some twenty closely-printed pages of the official Navy List. But in these the actual rates of pay are interspersed with all kinds of allowances, such as "table money" for Admirals in command of fleets and squadrons, "command money" for officers in command of H.M. ships; various allowances for officers who have specialised in the various branches; store money, and, in the case of the petty officers and men, substantive and non-substantive pay. In normal times officers in command of H.M. fleets and ships are called on to do a great deal of entertaining for the State; money allowed for that purpose can hardly be looked on as pay. The specialist allowances to certain officers and the non-substantive rates of pay to the men are for the few, and so in their turn can hardly be looked on as pay in a general review of the subject. Taking it broadly, the distinguishing feature of naval pay is its meagreness when compared with the Civil Service and the prizes offered to ability in the commercial world.

Tucked away in the Civil Service there must be some hundreds of officials drawing salaries of anything from £500 to £1,500 a year. Snug offices, short hours (in normal times), engaged in routine work. Take those posts and compare them with the requirements and responsibilities resting on those who command Britain's fleets. The very highest prize that the Navy offers is the rank of Admiral of the Fleet, of which the authorised number on the Active List of the Navy is three. The pay is £6 a day, or £2,190 a year of 365 days; but as these are never seen afloat in command we may for our present purpose leave them out

of our consideration and turn to the pay of those on whose shoulders rests to-day the whole success of the Allies—men who, from the age of thirteen to fourteen, have served the State, and who by a rigid course of selection attain to flag rank :—

	Year of 365 days.			Per day.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Admiral	1,825	0	0	5	0	0
Vice-Admiral	1,460	0	0	4	0	0
Rear-Admiral	1,095	0	0	3	0	0
Commodore of the First Class	1,095	0	0	3	0	0

Think of the Grand Fleet and all it stands for in material wealth, the thousands of officers and men controlled, and the tremendous responsibility resting on the shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief—an Admiral—and notice that the nation rewards him with £5 a day. For the purpose of State entertaining in normal times :—

	Maximum.		
	£	s.	d.
Table Money is granted to the above at rates varying according to the character of their appointments, the maximum rate being £4 10s. 0d. a day	1,642	10	0
Table Money whilst proceeding to or returning from Station in Flag Ship	547	10	0
Table Money to a Flag Officer or Commodore of the *First* Class, superintending a Dockyard *Abroad*	730	0	0
Ditto to a Flag Officer or Commodore of the *First* Class, superintending a Dockyard *at Home*	547	10	0
Ditto to a Commodore of the *Second* Class, in addition to his Full Pay and Command Money as Captain and allowance as Commodore, *Abroad*	365	0	0
Ditto to a Commodore of the *Second* Class, in addition to his Full Pay and Command Money as Captain and allowance as Commodore, *at Home*	182	10	0
Special allowance to the Commanders-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Devonport, The Nore	500	0	0

The next in rank are Post Captains, of whom the total allowed on the Active List before war was 253. These have individual command of all the larger ships of the Navy; their pay ranges :

	365 days.			Per day.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To the first eighty	602	5	0	1	13	0
To the next eighty	501	17	6	1	7	6
To the remainder	410	12	6	1	2	6

To that pay is added command money as follows :—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
When in command of a Sea-going Battleship, Battle Cruiser, Cruiser, Port Guard Ship or such other Ship as the Admiralty may direct	328	10	0	0	18	0
When in command of any other Ship, or of an Establishment...	219	0	0	0	12	0

The next rank is that of Commander. In large ships carrying a Post Captain these officers are responsible for the general running of the ship and discipline of the ship's company, under the supervision of the C.O. Their work is constant, various, and responsibility not small : their pay is £1 2*s.* per day, £410 10*s.* per annum. If in command of their own ships they receive command money ranging from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* per day.

As a broad proposition it may be said that the Lieutenant and Lieut.-Commanders are the backbone of the Navy; the Departmental and Divisional working of the ship falls on them, whether executive or engineering. Take the executive : here is their pay and emoluments :—

		Year of 365 days. £	s.	d.	Per day. £	s.	d.
Lieutenant-Commanders	On advancement ...	273	5	0	0	13	0
	After 2 years... ...	255	10	0	0	14	0
	„ 4 „	273	15	0	0	15	0
	„ 6 „	292	0	0	0	16	0
Lieutenants	On promotion	182	10	0	0	10	0
	After 4 years	200	15	0	0	11	0
	„ 6 „	219	0	0	0	12	0
Lieutenant-Commanders and Lieutenants in the independent command of any ship, or in command of any tender or a flotilla of Submarines, receive an increase of full pay of 1*s.* a day	18	5	0	0	1	0
Command Money to Lieut.-Comdrs. and Lieuts. in addition to full pay :						
When in independent command of any Ship or in command of any Sea-going Tender	68	8	9	0	3	9
When in command of any Harbour Service Tender	45	12	6	0	2	6

It is the Lieutenants and Lieut.-Commanders that we find in command of our destroyers, submarines, and a host of other small craft. Judging from the reports of their doings that have come to hand since hostilities commenced,

that 1*s.* per day increase when in independent command is not lavish. The specialists amongst them, serving in the larger ships, get the following allowances :—

	Year.			Day.		
	Maximum.					
	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
For Gunnery or Torpedo Duties, according to qualification as Gunnery or Torpedo Officer	73	0	0	0	4	0
	Minimum.					
	27	7	6	0	1	6
For Navigating Duties	45	12	6	0	2	6
For Navigating Duties if of 5 years' seniority	54	15	0	0	3	0
For Navigating Duties if passed for 1st Class Ships for Pilotage without regard to seniority	73	0	0	0	4	0
For Navigating Duties when appointed to a Flag Ship, in addition to Navigating Allowance. Flag Allowance	45 to 91	12 5	6 0	0 to 0	2 5	6 0

The other ranks we may take in rotation as they figure in the official lists, giving the minimum and maximum rates where a progression applies :—

	Year of 365 days.					
	Min.			Max.		
	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
Sub-Lieutenant	91	5	0		—	
Midshipman	31	18	9		—	
Cadet	18	5	0		—	
Engineer Rear-Admiral	1,095	0	0		—	
Engineer Captain	638	15	0	730	0	0
Engineer Commander	488	0	0	602	5	0
Engineer Lieutenant	182	10	0	365	0	0
Engineer Sub-Lieutenant	136	17	0		—	
Paymaster-in-Chief	690	10	0		—	
Fleet Paymaster	383	5	0	602	5	0
Staff Paymaster	328	10	0	346	15	0
Paymaster	273	15	0	310	5	0
Assistant Paymaster	91	5	0	237	8	0
Clerk	73	0	0		—	
Assistant Clerk	45	12	6		—	
Inspector Surgeon-General...	1,300	0	0		—	
Deputy Surgeon-General	821	5	6		—	
Fleet Surgeon	492	15	0	635	15	0
Staff Surgeon	365	0	0	456	5	0
Surgeon	255	10	0	328	10	0
Chaplain	219	0	0	401	10	0

From the commissioned ranks let us turn to the men of the lower deck, including with them the warrant officers, as these all spring from the lower deck and so may be fairly reckoned in with the great body of ratings.

As soon as we touch lower deck pay we touch a trouble that is very generally applicable; minimum and maximum rates are laid down, but the latter are often impossible of

attainment owing to the periods of progression being too long. Warrant officers are the pick of the lower deck, and, generally speaking, candidates for this rank must not be more than thirty-five years of age. As a matter of fact, the great majority are promoted to warrant rank before that age. Let us say the average age on promotion is twenty-eight; the age for retirement is fifty-five. In practice the pay of both gunners and boatswains is 6*s*. per day, rising to 9*s*. per day after fifteen years' service as such, by which time they are forty-three. Until 1912 warrant officers used to go from eighteen to twenty years before their next step —chief or commissioned warrant officer—but in that year the concession was granted them that, providing their record was in every way satisfactory, they would automatically be promoted to chief at the end of fifteen years. As chief warrant officer their pay is 10*s*. per day on promotion, rising to 12*s*. per day after eight years as chief, which brings them to fifty-one. The next step is to lieutenant, for "long and zealous service," the pay being 13*s*. per day on promotion, rising to 15*s*. per day after eight years, which would bring them to fifty-nine. They are compulsorily retired at 55! Really, of course, a very large percentage are compulsorily retired without ever attaining to lieutenant rank at all, so that the maximum rate is largely a paper one.

It is interesting to note here that warrant officers draw "separation allowance"; chief warrant officers do not. Take a warrant officer with two children (few have less): the separation allowance would be 17*s*.; on promotion to chief he gains 14*s*. per week in pay and loses 17*s*.—a penalty of 3*s*. a week for being promoted! There is the actual case of a warrant officer who was strongly recommended for promotion for gallantry in action. There was a long delay in putting the recommendation into effect, but when he was promoted he was dated back; he was also informed that he had to refund £12, the difference between his former pay and separation allowance and his new rate of pay as commissioned (chief) warrant officer.

We now come to lower deck ratings proper; these are divided into six branches, viz., military branch; engineer branch; artisan branch; medical branch; accountant branch; and police. Roughly speaking, until 1912 the men of the lower deck had had no general rise in pay for over fifty

years. In 1907 there was a "Revision of Titles and Pay," and in that revision the able seaman had his pay raised from 1*s.* 7*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* per day. But before that revision and "rise" there existed the non-substantive rating of "Trained Man," which carried with it a payment of 1*d.* per day. As no man could attain to the rank of A.B. unless he had previously qualified for "T.M." his actual pay was 1*s.* 8*d.* per day. The Admiralty rose his substantive pay to 1*s.* 8*d.* per day and abolished the non-substantive rate of "T.M.," so that the A.B. drew just as much money before the rise as he did after!

In 1912 there was a general and *bona fide* all-round rise, which cost the country £342,773 per annum, since when the rates of pay have been as follows:—

	Year of 365 Days. Min.			Max.		
	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
MILITARY BRANCH.						
Chief Petty Officer*	66	18	0	79	1	8
Petty Officer*	54	15	0	60	13	8
Leading Seamen*	39	10	10	42	11	8
Able Seamen*	30	8	4	34	19	7
Ordinary Seamen	22	16	3			
Boy, First Class	10	12	11			
Boy, Second Class	9	2	6			
Chief Yeoman Signals*	79	1	8	88	4	2
Yeoman of Signals*	60	16	8	73	0	0
Leading Signalmen*	45	12	6	51	14	2
Signalmen*	34	19	7	39	10	10
Ordinary Signalman*	22	16	3			
Signal Boy	10	12	11			
C.P.O. Telegraphist*	79	1	8	88	4	2
P.O. Telegraphist*	60	16	8	73	0	0
Leading Telegraphist*	45	12	6	51	10	10
Telegraphist*	34	19	7	39	10	10
Ordinary Telegraphist	22	16	3			
Boy Telegraphist	10	12	11			
Sailmaker	50	3	9	59	6	3
Sailmaker's Mate	39	10	10	42	11	8
ENGINEER BRANCH.						
Chief Engine-Room Artificer*	127	15	0	136	17	6
Engine-Room Artificer*	100	7	6	118	12	6
Engine-Room Artificer, Fifth Class ...	54	15	0			
Boy Artificer*	9	2	6	13	13	9
Mechanician*	82	2	6	118	12	6
Chief Stoker*	69	19	2	106	9	2
Stoker, P.O.	57	15	10	63	17	6
Leading Stoker*	48	13	4	51	14	2
Stoker	38	0	5	42	11	8
Stoker, Second Class	30	8	4			

* Denotes progressive pay.

THE PAY OF THE NAVY

	Min. £ s. d.	Max. £ s. d.
Artisan Branch.		
Chief Electrician*	127 15 0	136 17 6
Electrician*	100 7 6	118 12 6
Chief Armourer*	82 2 6	109 10 0
Armourer	73 0 0	
Armourer's Mate	54 15 0	63 17 6
Armourer's Crew	45 12 0	50 3 9
Chief Cooper...	63 17 6	69 19 2
Cooper	57 15 10	69 19 2
Second Cooper	53 4 7	
Cooper's Crew	45 12 6	
Chief Painter	76 0 10	82 0 6
Painter, First Class*	57 15 10	69 19 2
Painter, Second Class*	47 2 11	53 4 7
Plumber*	57 15 10	69 19 2
Plumber's Mate*	47 2 11	53 4 7
Chief Blacksmith	79 1 8	85 3 4
Blacksmith*	60 16 8	73 0 0
Blacksmith's Mate	50 3 9	56 5 5
Chief Shipwright	100 7 6	114 13 0
Shipwright, First Class	91 5 0	95 16 3
,, Second Class	82 2 6	86 13 9
,, Third Class	73 0 0	
Joiner, P.O.	57 15 10	69 19 2
Leading Carpenter's Crew	53 4 7	
Carpenter's Crew	45 12 6	50 3 9
Medical Branch.		
Chief Sick Berth Steward*...	82 2 6	91 5 0
Sick Berth Steward*	55 15 10	76 10 0
Second Sick Berth Steward	45 12 6	50 3 9
Sick Berth Attendant	27 7 6	41 1 3
Accountant Branch.		
Ship's Steward*	63 17 6	109 10 0
Second Ship's Steward	59 6 3	
Ship's Steward's Assistant	50 3 9	
,, ,, Boy	10 12 11	
Chief Writer*	91 5 0	109 10 0
First Writer	77 11 3	
Second Writer	59 6 3	
Third Writer	36 10 0	
Boy Writer	18 5 0	
Chief Cook	69 19 2	88 4 2
Ship's Cook	54 15 0	60 16 8
Leading Cook's Mate	45 12 6	50 3 9
Cook's Mate	36 10 0	
Second Cook's Mate	30 8 4	
Ship's Police.		
Master-at-Arms	79 18 0	109 10 0
Ship's Corporal, First Class	60 16 8	69 19 2
,, ,, Second Class	48 13 4	
Band.		
Chief Bandmaster	53 4 7	62 7 1
Bandmaster	44 2 1	48 13 4
Band Corporal	36 10 0	

* Denotes progressive pay.

		Min. £	s.	d.	Max. £	s.	d.
Bandsmen		24	6	8	28	17	11
Ship's Musician		36	10	0			
OFFICERS' COOKS AND STEWARDS.							
Boy Servant		18	5	0			
Officers' Steward / Officers' Cook	Third Class	22	16	3	27	7	7
Officers' Steward / Officers' Cook	Second Class	31	18	9	36	10	0
Officers' Steward / Officers' Cook	First Class	41	1	3	45	12	6
Officers' Steward / Officers' Cook	Chief	54	15	0			
Naval Schoolmaster		100	7	6	136	17	6

Let us take the prospects of the average man who joins the Navy as seaman or stoker (the two great classes which comprise the great bulk of lower deck ratings); a very small percentage can attain to warrant rank with pay and prospects already set forth. The next highest rank is that of chief petty officer, and to this, again, only a very small percentage of the whole can reach. Now the pay of a chief petty officer, seaman class, is :—

	Per annum. £	s.	d.	Per day. s.	d.
Chief Petty Officer, on promotion ...	66	18	0	3	8
After three years	73	0	0	4	0
After six years	79	1	8	4	4

The total amount of service they are allowed to put in from being rated ordinary seaman is twenty-two years, when they are compulsorily pensioned. Before the war it was a rare thing for a man to attain to the rank of chief petty officer before he had completed nineteen years' service; therefore the minimum pay of his rank was actually the maximum, because by the time he had completed three years' service as chief petty officer, his twenty-two years had expired, and he had to leave on pension. The same thing applies to the stoker ratings, and that is why there has always been so much dissatisfaction with the pay tables. It is, of course, possible by a combination of fortuitous circumstances for a man to attain to chief petty officer rank early enough to reach the maximum rate of pay before he goes to pension; in practice such cases are too rare to count. What is very badly needed is a complete overhaul of the pay of the Navy, so that both officers and men may receive rates of remuneration more in accordance with Civil Service and commercial standards than they are at present.

An Open Letter to the Americans

By Major Stuart-Stephens

"THEY would not know what hit them"; such was the caustic reply of General Leonard Wood when last year he had propounded to him the question at a secret meeting of a Congress Committee: "Now, General, would a force of, say, half a million of the State Militia, stiffened by our available Regulars, be able to defeat a foreign invading expedition one hundred and fifty thousand strong?" It was a brutal and contemptuous rejoinder of the leading military authority of Uncle Sam's Army, but it summed up in a nutshell what the plight would have been if the half-million were called to face a German raid on the land of the dollar. How General Wood's wits must be exercised to-day I can without difficulty picture, now that he and his colleagues have to create the miracle of staffing an improvised army vastly exceeding in numbers that evolved in the great Civil War by Abraham Lincoln. I particularise "staffing," for on the creation of a sufficient and efficient staff depends, as a matter of course, everything else that makes the difference between a workable fighting machine and an armed mob. If an American army would be so demoralised by finding themselves confronted by a numerically inferior force of highly organised veterans that they didn't "know what hit them," the U.S. Navy, the arm of the great Western Republic, which is expected to count as a welcome reinforcement to our fleets, cannot hit back until it improves its gunnery practice—the result of starvation of ammunition and lack of radio-direction finders. A resolution was introduced into Congress last year requesting the chief of the U.S. Admiralty to furnish detailed reports of the work of each capital ship and armoured cruiser aggregating only 90 hits out of 826 rounds fired—the poorest

figure made by the Siamese Navy. The ruler of proud Columbia's armada declined to furnish the information upon the grounds that other Powers (query Venezuela or San Salvador) would thus be apprised of "the amount of damage to be expected upon encountering any of these vessels, and that consequently it would be incompatible with the public interest to make any statement regarding the scores." Alice in Wonderland.

When a war sucks into its maelstrom all the most powerful and enlightened States in Europe, and when its possible results may involve the security of inoffensive and pacific nations, I feel impelled to wonder if the great Transatlantic Republic realises her deadly peril.

Her hallucination that jurists can regulate the conduct and extent of German-made world-war, that abnormal condition of affairs which is in fact the very negation of international law, and her farcical defensive measures, leave her exposed to pillage by the Hun freebooter, even if the titanic European struggle ends indecisively. And if Germany is not compelled to a stalemate, if—which God forbid—she in the end prevails, then the slow bludgeoning to death of popular freedom in the Old World will in due sequence be followed by the assassination of democracy in the New. For the Teutonic Imperialist scheme is to garrote the evolution of self-governing humanity in order that a gore-grazing absolutism may batten on the blood and possessions of the freer communities of mankind.

Is it recognised in America that the last hope of the Hohenzollern autocracy is the slaying of its democratic rivals? This is the feeling that animates the Kaiser's War Council to-day, as it did years ago, when one night in the St. James's Club, the London home of the Corps Diplomatique, I heard the German Naval Attaché, Admiral (then Captain) von Cöoper, say: "After we have exterminated French and British democracy we will dance over the grave of the world's greatest Republic."

When referring to this officer in an article of mine in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, headed "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing," I explained that von Cöoper had met me in the early 'nineties at Government House, Capetown, and at the Palace of the then Sultan of Zanzibar. Years afterwards we

journeyed down together from London to Vickers-Maxim's (now Vickers, Ltd.) works to witness the launch of the *Mikasa-Toga* flagship in the Russo-Japanese War.

After Captain von Cöoper had returned to Germany from his special mission of showing the flag round the African Continent and (incidentally) making a nearly successful attempt to detach the Sultan of Zanzibar from his allegiance to Great Britain, he was received with considerable distinction by the Kaiser and was frequently summoned to the sittings of his Imperial Master's War Council. Therefore, in London I renewed my acquaintance with him, commenced at the South African High Commissioner's dinner-table. And bit by bit I found that he was decidedly in the know as to the preparations for world dominion which were the ceaseless study of the brain-centre of his country—the Grosser-General Stab.

So when an alcoholic super-environment betrayed the Kaiser's official spy into an admission of one of Germany's far-reaching ambitions, I, knowing that von Cöoper was not, in the man-in-the-street's phrase, "talking through his hat," regarded his extraordinary boast as more worthy of reflection than did many other of the members of the St. James's Club and their guests, who had overheard what they regarded as simply a characteristic piece of drunken Prussian insolence. Accordingly, I felt the circumstances warranted my having the next day some very serious talk with two journalistic friends.

These were W. T. Stead, whose brilliant career came to an end with the sinking of the *Titanic*, and "Jimmy" Creelman, whom I had met in Japan during the Chino-Japanese War of 1894–5. Stead communicated the incident to Lord Rosebery, the ex-Prime Minister. Mr. Hearst's famous war correspondent, with the true Yankee newspaper man's directness, went to the fountain-head, and I must here set down that Creelman, with infinite tact, succeeded in averting any suspicion on von Cöoper's part that I was the informant.

When tackled by Creelman the German naval diplomat's explanation was ingenious, if not quite convincing.

"Oh!" exclaimed he with sincere mendacity, "I meant the British Empire. She is, in point of fact, the world's 'Greatest Republic.'"

I have mentioned this

INTERNATIONAL-CUM-HIGH-BALL INCIDENT

(much of my success in Intelligence Department service has depended on my ability to drink even Russian officers under the table) because it illustrates the governing motive for a Teutonic deadly thrust at American independence. There it is, the frank hatred and contempt of the Hohenzollern for all that symbolises the creed of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. To repeat myself, Prussian autocracy and American freedom cannot any longer continue to flourish on this Old World of ours, even if separated by the Western Ocean. The two cannot thrive on parallel lines. One or the other must go under. Which?

. . . . . .

When, as ever, fishing in troubled waters, I was sent to the United States on a memorable occasion when John Bull and Uncle Sam were, with extreme good will, ready to blow each other to blazes over the reputed ownership of a few square miles of Venezuelan territory, chiefly remarkable for its superior development of mud, miasma, mosquitoes, and malaria, the "boys" at the Lotus Club used to inform me that British officers "had war on the brain."

One night at the Lambs' Club a dissertation of mine on the then Chinese condition of the U.S. Navy was brought to a premature conclusion by the presentation to me by an incurable millionaire optimist of a penny toy-gun. Now, I once more take the platform to an American audience, and I venture to hope that what follows will be regarded as a heart-to-heart talk by a sincere well-wisher of the nation which has made the greatest and most successful experiment in democracy in the history of our planet.

To Crack Creation's Richest Crib.

I have served as Regimental and Staff Officer in three armies, and in China during the Boxer insurrection had met

contingents drawn from the military forces of Germany, England, America, and Japan, who, with my comrades of the French Army, were, for our sins, condemned to march under the orders of a Prussian Generalissimo, Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee. The one most predominant impression of this versatile experience of legalised expert homicides is that, broadly speaking, all professional soldiers belong, unconsciously to themselves, to a species of the scientific throat-slitting craft; otherwise, the freemasonry of the oldest trade in the world's history —that of arms. Get the veteran Muscovite, from the Central Asian Army, or his compeer, the Brandenburger "unter-offizier," who has, in the Kaiser's Colonial forces, marched and cursed through Africa's vast East Central African interior, or the grizzled "old moustache" of the French Marine Infantry, or the Irish-American sergeant, up from chasing the little brown brethren down in the Philippines, and you will find them all the same when reasonably equalised by the confidence-winning power of the local tangle-pot.

All these worthies will be unanimous in the connection that their commanding officers are infinitely less respectable than their predecessors, all and each of whom were the finest soldiers that ever talked "regimentally" to a battalion; also, these international Mulvanys will earnestly subscribe to the theory that the quartermaster was a feature introduced into an army by Prince Lucifer the Evil, and that every draft of recruits is inferior to its predecessors.

In the world's armies the officers are in international comity in resenting being placed at the mercy of politicians who use or ill-use the national forces for their party ends. A striking example of this spirit is revealed in the following letter, in which the writer keenly sympathises with the officers of the United States Army on being in this degrading position. This very frankly expressed opinion of American military institutions was, it will be perceived, written a few months prior to the last but one Presidential election, and it assumed quite an exceptional interest with the battle for the Presidency of the Republic then in view; the question of preparedness for foreign attack had suddenly leapt into a very real prominence among the problems affecting the nation's existence.

I may explain that it was written by a highly placed officer of the German General Staff, with whom I have been on terms of intimate acquaintance, and with whom I have kept up an international correspondence on neutral subjects since 1895, when I drifted across him in South Africa.

As can be gathered from this letter, he in 1911–12 had been engaged on Secret Service in the United States and Central America, and what he wrote to me some four years and four months ago gives almost text and verse for the warnings of General Leonard Wood and Colonel Roosevelt, which had appeared in the *New York Metropolitan* and other periodicals during the last twelve months. The striking difference between my correspondent's figures and those of the ex-President is that the former asserts his belief that in 1912 an expedition of 120,000 German, French, or English highly trained troops could conquer the New England States within a month of their seizure of Boston and Chesapeake Bay, while in 1916 the "Bull Moose" lays it down that it would require 387 German soldiers to perform the same feat.

The explanation of this divergence of opinion is probably that my correspondent did not, for obvious reasons, desire to divulge the exact number fixed upon by his General Staff for the operation in question and used the illustration of the reputed strength of the much-discussed English "Expeditionary Force" as a species of "blind," rightly surmising that I would (as of course I did) place his letter in the hands of a certain officer in the Second Bureau of the French Ministry of War. There is no little of a sort of diamond-cut-diamond work done between the Staff Officers of potential antagonists.

In this connection I may add that in 1912, when the letter, after being duly copied and stowed away with my papers connected with the von Cöoper incident at the St. James's Club, the matters it concerned were submerged in my interest by others in which I was then engaged, namely, the secret development of the German North-western strategic railway system which was month by month extending its tentacles like an octopus to the Belgian frontier. This by the way.

But I will now let the then Colonel von So-and-so's letter speak for itself. The writer has, I have discovered

since the beginning of the war, been in turn promoted to General of Brigade and Major-General :—

"*May 23rd*, 1912.

"DEAR STUART-STEPHENS,—

"I have not forgotten my promise to give you a few of my impressions of the military affairs of the North American Republic, but it is only to-day that I have found time to send you this letter, owing to a certain occupation, the nature of which you will apprehend, and which has absorbed all my hours of leisure since my return from New York.

"The most irksome work of a mission is the preparation of one's report. The Americans are a strange race, and the fact that a man like you or I had given our lifetime to the examination of every problem that concerns our profession would appear to be held by the public of the United States as a reason why he should not be allowed to give an opinion with respect to them.

"I never was a good writer, and inherit more of the spirit of the Knights of my Fatherland—swords, wine, and those delights earned by the sword—but I now and here set down my opinion.

"The only people in America who are supposed to be competent to discuss Army and Navy matters—military and marine 'experts'—in the newspapers exhibit their complete ignorance of the practice of modern war conditions. Then—members of the Washington Parliament, who hope to gather dollars by the advancing or retardation of an Act of Congress affecting the armed forces of the Republic. The Americans are practical men of business, yet where the national security is in question their methods are so childish and corrupt that I regard them with the most profound amazement. But I will abandon generalities and come to facts, such facts as I can write of to you without any breach of confidence.

"The United States Army!—there is no United States Army. It is no absurdity that I write, or one of your Galway jokes, but the actual and wonderful truth. There are American regular soldiers. I once saw nine hundred of them in camp. They are called 'enlisted men.' I am told that occasionally the strength of a full infantry brigade is brought together. There are cavalry—a few regiments never seen by the mass of the population, as this arm is used to police the Indian reservations. Of field artillery some batteries only, using the worst field gun in the world, and commanded by officers who are well trained, but who have no opportunity given them of using their arm in masses at manœuvres.

"They have some departmental troops, but not an eighth enough to form a nucleus for the transport and supply corps necessary if the United States of America became involved in war; but, as for an army, NO! NO!! NO!!! Beyond some 70,000 enlisted men, whom the people have never seen, the United States has no properly organised military force at all.

"Figure to yourself an energetic people, skilled in the manufacture of steel, furnished with wonderful financial reserves, and yet their great coast lines are defenceless for want of guns of the largest calibre. Your Ministers—Colonel Seely and Mr. Winston Churchill—boast of the readiness of your Expeditionary Force of 120,000 select troops. If that force was opposed to my Emperor's army it would be annihilated at first contact. You ought to know that. Yet if England had another trouble with America, like the Venezuelan crisis of 1895, she would, with her efficient Expeditionary Force of trained troops, conquer the New England States a month after disembarkation at Boston and the Chesapeake!

"I fear, my dear friend, you will read this statement with incredulous wonder, but I assert it is true. A friend of yours has made a careful study of this extraordinary situation. A nation of nearly one hundred millions at the mercy of a *coup de main* of a foreign foe; I will not say

from the Japanese for some ten years to come, who, after a long journey, would have to invade the wrong side. But note, this very autumn, when the European reserves are mobilised, a German or a French or an English Expedition of 120,000 trained troops could in a month seize and hold the most valuable military section of the Union.

"And yet those 'God-darned Yanks don't give a damn.'

"The increase in the Military Estimate for 1913 is infinitesimal. This is, of course, the right policy from the politician's point of view, as the Presidential election will take place in a few months, and, therefore, all that both parties consider is to reduce defensive expenditure as much as possible in order to claim credit from the electorate for having done so. Are the Americans ready to learn their danger from those who are capable of teaching them?

"On the contrary, in their election campaigns their statesmen, when alluding to army affairs, show a dense ignorance that would cause the immediate rejection in his first examination of one of the cadets of my Emperor's army. And when the *gens du métier* in despair dare to tell the truth—well! then it is bad for the soldier.

"When I write to you again I will tell you the full story of the suspense from duty of General Ainsworth, then Assistant-General, and only one of the grade in the American 'Army.'

"I treated myself to a sun-bath in the Panama. The Miraflores locks are only seven miles from the Pacific outlet of the great Canal. Only officers in United States uniform are permitted to visit the precincts of vulnerable points. The same admirable precaution does not apply to the water supply of those imbeciles in New York, who have not learnt that Croton is another vulnerable point.

"Soon permit me to hear from you, for an occasional interchange of views on American affairs will assuredly be of no consequence to your friends or mine.

"SALUTATIONS."

Here, surely, is no ambiguity! The man who, after reading this letter and does not appreciate its between-the-lines meanings, had better, for the sake of his country, be put in the way of wearing a wooden kimono. For surely such a fool is only an encumbrance upon American earth!

The scheme of campaign alluded to by the Kaiser's staff officer is as clear as day. It involves the capture of Boston, to be executed from the land side, while swift disembarkations are being conducted on the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. And then would merrily proceed the ham-stringing of the Republic, an operation which could only be prevented from being carried to its bitter end by the presence of a United States *real* army approximating in strength to that of one of the European belligerents.

To God's own country, of course, into which has been pouring, like grain from an elevator into shiphold, the cash of the European Continent. An American oil magnate pleasantly remarked to me last spring: "I guess, Major, we added a hundred more millionaires to the list of our

gold bugs since the States took on the job of giving your old peoples over here the means of killing themselves to their heart's content." And it is quite true. The Duponts and the Schwabs and their friends have swept into these banks the gold of rich Britain and France and the money honoured by their Allies.

"MEIN GOTT, VOT A COUNTRY TO SOCK!"

a German said to me in Rotterdam the other day, his blood-shot eyes protruding with undisguised greed. Uncle Sam's house would be the

BIGGEST CRIB IN CHRISTENDOM TO BE CRACKED

by Bill von Sikes Hohenzollern. Unfortunately, for the preservation of the laws of property the poor gentleman has nobody to take care of him. The U.S. Army, when it gets out of Mexico, for resisting a practical attack on the eastern seaboard, would not be equivalent to one single German Division. Making ammunition for fighting Europe, America has not enough reserve shells in her military arsenals to allow her field artillery—under-calibred guns—to remain in action longer than twenty-four hours. Robbing Uncle Sam under these conditions would be as easy as despoiling of his satchel a blind bookmaker unescorted by subsidised bullies.

A shattering blow at the over-rich, over-helpless great Republic of the West depends, of course, on "if"—a very tremendous "if" that—Germany is not finally crushed as a military Power. Yet it must be remembered that we have during the last twenty-six months seen, to our immense bewilderment, not a few "ifs" translated into frightful fact.

In Hamburg and Bremen are at present sixty per cent. of Germany's *ante-bellum* mercantile marine. From these could be drawn enough fast-steaming big liners to convey across the Atlantic in fourteen days at a uniform speed three army corps—120,000 war-trained veterans. Available for the carriage of a like force will be at the end of the war the *Bismarck*, of 56,000 tons; the *Hindenburg* and *Columbus*, each of 35,000 tons; the *Tirpitz*, of 32,000 tons; and three unnamed boats of 22,000 tons; and nine ditto of 18,000 tons.

Here, then, is just upon 300,000 tons of suitable over-sea military transport available for the great adventure, in addition to that which has found refuge since the declaration of war in the two great German seaports. The objective of this monster flotilla would be as indicated in the German staff officer's letter. The New England coast, within a day's steaming of which it would bifurcate one army corps proceeding to the Chesapeake past Point Henny, still ungunned, and the other for Boston. Then after a few weeks' fighting—such is the German itinerary—would prove possible the establishment of a line of occupation, the north flank of which would be protected by Lake Erie, and which would extend up to Sand ——, Ohio, while the southern flank would rest on Chesapeake Bay.

Thus the vital region for the equipment and maintenance of the national defence would be in rear of the invader's front. Yet the rest of the vast Republic, outside the edge of it to be seized by the Hun, could go on living comfortably with plenty of food, plenty of clothes, and plenty of time to cultivate the intellectual acquaintance of Charles Chaplin, Esquire, while, undisturbed, the super-German brigand played his trade on a scale undreamt of in the history of this lawless globe of ours.

Well, if such is not to happen—it is, after all, a three to one chance if it ever does; but can America afford a three to one chance?

Musings at Fort Vaux

By Austin Harrison

"THERE you are," the voice at my side said in exquisite French, "the whole thing. Now you can see for yourself the immense futility of war."

Strange, incongruous as I felt the words to be from the lips of this braided officer with a medal on his chest, on whose countenance the sternness of war had imprinted a spiritualism of look I found to be quite common in the French Army, I was not surprised; indeed, the remark seemed almost a commonplace, so insensibly had the same thought overwhelmed me. We were standing in a trench on the scene of the fierce French battles in Champagne of 1915—a trench won back from the Germans who to-day lie ensconced on a hillock directly opposite. The view was panoramic. We could see across the German lines for miles, and in the distance the Meuse hills fusing into the low heavens, and the outline of Hill 304, everything a glistening white reminiscent of winter in Russia, and all was silent with that atmospheric sense of tranquillity or heaviness that snow imparts. Of the enemy not a trace. Occasionally a shell wailed through the air, and one listened carelessly for its explosion, otherwise not a sound was to be heard, not a semblance of activity could be seen, nor man nor gun; only an utter loneliness, the restfulness of snow.

A year and a half ago the German second lines were on the spot we gazed from, now they were—"there," as my guide explained, "you see that little mound, well, that is one of their observation posts." Behind us, as we had come up, the villages lay in ruins, the result of the German retreat in 1914; but at the front, a couple of weeks ago, I could see no sign of war. In the deep silence, the invisibility of modern war, its meaninglessness and futility struck one with almost startling precision, like a sudden pain. The reality of its unreality appeared ludicrous, phantasmagoric, for I knew that in the snow some hundred

yards in front of us thousands of men lay hidden facing one another across No Man's Land awaiting hourly none of them knew what. And yet it was dangerous to peer over the parapet. The Germans had a machine-gun trained on that spot, it seemed, for a connecting trench joined up thereabouts, and there was a dug-out from which thin trails of bluish smoke curled and melted into the air.

And if this silence, this warren invisibility, was war, so, in harmony, all around seemed happiness. It is the only word I can find, though it is not the right word. The mental tortures of the Back have no place in the Front. I never saw a French soldier who did not appear to be entirely reconciled to his lot, singularly calm, attending simply to his work. I think that is the great difference between us. The soldiers are at work, whereas we behind talk. And yet this paradox also is striking. If we talk, they *think*. They are the true thinkers in this war. We at the Back are the unreal people, the speculators, the materialists. In the French trenches I found philosophy; I found spiritualism; I saw the greatness of what a civilisation may some day win to.

"For two and a half years," my comrade continued, "we have sat thus, now here, now there. I was at Verdun, now I am here. To-morrow—one does not know. It is a long time for a man to be cut off from his home, his life, his love, his civilisation. But don't imagine we have not thought. We have time to think here. We are in the presence of thought all day and night. The one thing we never do is to worry. It is a new thing for mankind. There are no women, hence no little jealousies, no bickerings, no vanities and illusions. We are just men, all equals, members of a large family—France. We have only one idea—country; only one inspiration—victory. And yet we think as we never did before. Afterwards, the world will see."

A day or so later I was at Fort Vaux, standing on the top of what still remains of its structure, and again the scene was of aching silence and desolation. The dawn was pointing; the whole compass of the Verdun battles unfolded in the light pinking the white hills, and again the futility of this magnificent madness was the sole and paramount impression.

MUSINGS AT FORT VAUX

For over four months the Germans fought with their full available strength to capture Verdun. In the first rush they seized Fort Douaumont—a hill; after three more months of ferocious fighting, every inch of the ground being contested, they managed to cross the four hundred yards which separated them from Fort Vaux and entered it—to-day they lie in or behind the marshland to the north-east again, and the fort is cheerily occupied by a few French soldiers. Such is war. The Germans gained ground, the French gained imperishable honour. The lessons of war have changed. Ground means little. But for the name of the place and the glory attaching to it, it would have mattered little militarily had Verdun fallen—from the strict point of view of results, that is—for the enemy would merely have taken a position or a few hills. The German gains there, captured with incredible effort and loss of life, were recaptured in a four hours' attack. They might again be lost. It would not signify. Probably the Germans also realise that to-day. War in modern conditions has no text-book. As its incidence is truly national, so are its results. You either destroy or you don't. You cannot destroy a people who will fight, short of obliteration. The old copy-book glory of military operations has ceased to have any meaning. It is as obsolete as the forts themselves. War has thus become a supreme futility alike in reason and execution, and there cannot be many soldiers on the whole field of battle who are not clearly cognisant of the discovery.

For it is a discovery. The Germans with their philosophy of force would assuredly never have set out on the way to Paris had their leaders and soldiers understood the conditions of modern war, and when, as seems now to be generally admitted, they were held up for want of munitions in the early days, they must indeed have wondered at the astonishing ignorance of the men whose sole business and justification it was to see that the means were adequate to the end. Evidently they knew little about war as fought to-day. They went into it on the copy-book. To-day their madness lies at the article of death, and if war teaches anything at all, such assuredly is the judgment that men will pass on this appalling tragedy, whatever the result and, I firmly believe, whatever the consequences.

Not, I fear, that war will end as the result of its fatuity. Man is not likely to change. One realises that at Verdun. From every French soldier there irradiates the sense of a national glory. Even that tattered, magnificent, and rather ridiculous relic of human courage makes the blood rush quicker through the veins; for that, men fought as perhaps never before in history, for that crumbled piece of masonry and concrete which represented, and to-day is, the heart of France. It lives. To-day it is the emblem of France, her pride, they will tell you, her justification. Why? *On ne sait pas*. The soldiers laugh, but they adore every stone of it. They touch it with the fingers of a caress. Close by, the Germans watch it, shell it, and no doubt daily curse it. All around it the dead in their thousands sleep. At times the enemy fire furiously upon the ruin. You approach it by night, for the crest is exposed to fire by day. "Voilà," the guide explains, "that is Vaux which we took back from the Germans."

Voilà. For some time I had noticed what in the half-light looked like a big rubbish-heap, and then suddenly it loomed up at the far end of the crest. I stood still in the grip of an intense emotion. A brownish line standing very true and solid, a small gateway, a *poilu* washing out a pan, a square resolute block astonishingly beautiful against the white snow silhouetting sharply in the glim mist of the rising day, the relic of a fort and yet almost pathetically compact in its defiant solidity. In the moat huge blocks of broken and twisted boulders and what not lay in grotesque form; for miles the forests had been shot to powder, not a tree, only an arid expanse sheltered, as it were, by this stump. I would like to say this human stump, so withered and seared with the fire of battle it looked in the good company of its defenders. To the French, Vaux is the historic ground of the war. Its occupants are glad to see us. Every inch of it is a reminiscence. You stare at the thing, a fort. A fort is nothing to-day but an observation post, a haven. Its defensive significance has gone, and yet it served; it stands four-square, and within its now shapeless exterior men eat and sleep, and you crouch down along its labyrinthine vaults and galleries through the slime and water and you know that this dank, fetid keep was the soul and saviour of France.

To-day it is a temple of pilgrimage. Here France bled, and would have bled to death but for the great battle of the Somme, which ended, as the soldiers say, "that chapter." Such was, of course, the purpose of the Verdun fighting—to destroy the French Army. It is no secret to-day that but for our victorious intervention a month earlier than we were ready to make it, that object would in another few weeks or so have been consummated, for the Germans were far beyond Vaux, just, in fact, under Fort Souville, which crowns the eastern line of defence, and had that position fallen the eastern side must have yielded.

It was a question of honour, and honour won. That does not look like any radical change in man's attitude towards war, rather the contrary. At Verdun France was reborn, they say there. And as you grope your way along the subterranean tunnel down the steps defended with matchless heroism and the commander receives you with a smile and a salute, you are torn with the conflicting emotions of man's dauntless spirit and futility. At this outpost of country you feel only the demon and spiritualism of battle, which, analysed, comes down to the expression of military geography. You are nonplussed. You think of the hideous magnificence of the thing, yet you can only see the reason of its unreason, the fatalism of that spirit which seems to cry to you from those reeking shattered walls: "To be or not to be." And Vaux was and is. It is life. Vaux is the living symbol of France. There you feel at once the futility and the glory of war. When you see the light in the eyes of the men about you, it is this spiritualism of war or man that seizes upon the mind. In the face of it cold reason seems the height of insanity. You become yourself of the spirit of the place. Your thought is Vaux—man, the wonder of war-savagery, its senselessness, disappear on the line where probably the Germans are taking their breakfast.

I ask where the Germans are. The sergeant does not know exactly. "Not far off," he chuckles. "Suppose," I say, "the French had not defended Vaux with such tenacity, but retired, would it have mattered if the Germans had taken the eastern side?" He answers bluntly: "Not a scrap, *sauf l'honneur*." "We have plenty of lines the other side," he explains. The Germans would never have broken

through. After a pause he divines my thoughts. "But we had to fight here; it was a question of honour."

Once more I feel the hopelessness of it all. Tens of thousands of men died on this periphery, not essentially for strategic reasons, but for the halo of what mankind knows as glory and prizes as the supreme forfeit. Instinctively as I see before me the cruelty, the blasting negativeness of war, I think of our so-called civilisation. I try to find its pattern, to knit it into some coherence of hope or reason. I cannot. Squatting on a huge broken block of concrete, I can only feel. And what I feel is life, force, power, will, energy, not reason. Almost in despair I turn to the soldier at my side: "Will they build forts after the war?" I say stupidly. He smiles. "We shall know when the war is over," he says, "but the old fort is as dead as the battle-ship."

I see he is a bit of a philosopher. "Go on," I cry to him, "and afterwards, when will that be?" He answers quietly: "In two, possibly three, years."

The answer did not astonish me. I found an engaging frankness among all French soldiers; indeed, at the Front men talk, as they think, fearlessly. "Well, we have got to finish this," he went on. "We soldiers only judge militarily, the other things do not concern us, and looking upon the war from what we now know we think it will take a good couple of years to complete our task; now perhaps you civilian gentlemen know of other ways of ending it, but that is not our affair."

"Look," he continues, "at those hills, and then see the higher hills beyond. The other day the Germans were all over here. This crest becomes the chief seat of war. We take Douaumont, from which height we can outflank the enemy at Vaux: who therefore cannot get up food: they retire. Now they are there, quiet, baffled, beaten. The great battles of Verdun are over. To-day they are an episode. The theatre of war changes; it is on the Somme. It is the Germans who are on the defensive. Again the battles cease. To-morrow it will be somewhere else, but always there are positions, and men and guns. In years to come there will be other engines more terrible still. War, monsieur, is energy."

I like this man tremendously. "Then you don't think

this will be the last war?" He shrugs his shoulders. "Who knows? They give us little things like this" (and he throws an arm out embracing the Fort) "to defend. We defend it. Will man not always have things to defend? Will others not always want what we or some of us have? If you have a child you will work for it. If you have a flag you will die for it. If you have a country you will love and be ready to fight for it. And, after all, a man can but die for what he has. We think that Verdun will remake France. We are very proud of Verdun. Instead of death, it is life these battles have given us. We think we have rediscovered our own purpose and unanimity."

And what this man says I feel to be true. It is impossible not so to feel. Horrible, grotesque, unfathomably senseless as one sees war in modern conditions to be, the voice at my side rings true; I cannot find an argument. I see his healthy, calm face, his massive frame seated on a piece of iron, and all around the desolation of battle vomits, as it were, its answer in harmony with this soldier's spirit, and it seems to cry, "What answer is there in the face of this destruction, what is the temper of man for if not to defend his soil?"

Far away, just observable from our vantage post, I see some companies of soldiers marching down to the front trenches in the direction of Pepper Hill, their packs high on the shoulder—it is one of the only active signs of war I have seen at Verdun. Not an eye can detect otherwise a man, friend or foe, and yet there are thousands of them standing guard in those miles of hidden trenches. Douaumont stands out impressively white, sloping down into the ravine christened the "Valley of Death," and some stones still mark the little village of Vaux, and hard by is the pond. It is difficult to think of this spot as in the fiercest zone of war—war which has sat still for two and a half years awaiting its solution. The futility of it, seen on the spot, is absolutely comic. It is a gun war, they tell you, yet you never see a gun. Why in the world don't the Germans walk away, abandon this ghastly folly, and retire to their own soil? They know now the futility of war as a business, why do they not recognise the futility of it as a philosophy? There is no glory in squatting in a trench on another man's hillside. I can only find one answer—energy. War, as

my friend said, is human energy. Yet the only thing we have learnt so far in the war is the complete futility of man's energy directed solely for military purposes. What then?

The soldier bids me descend. "This is the hour they fire," he explains, "it is day." One is inclined to laugh. "Come along," he suggests, "I will show you a machine-gun post," and I follow and look at the creature as one stares at some ferocious animal exhibited behind the cages at the Zoo. Again I feel the intoxication of the business, the joy of youth, the delirium of war; for war is a young man's affair. How, then, are we to end it? Youth does not think, it would not be youth if it did. And is not youth the significance of life? Can there be any fiercer sense in life than that of defending this old place with that murderous weapon? I experience the full rapture of its death-rattle. "It has done good work," the soldiers round it exclaim. Evidently they love it. It is energy, the secret of defence. In a few years it may be quite obsolete as a gun, but to-day it is the *pièce de résistance*; those hills are French because of it, and because of the men who worked it. It is like the blade of old time. It is the truth of the war; it is the mistress of France.

Truly splendid this proven fort. As I stand inside I am as proud of it as its defenders and as elated. Bombarded by both sides it has survived the ordeal, if in its monstrous clumsiness its shapeless husk has no scientific or serviceable design. But the thing is there, more compact than Fort Souville, which is battered almost to ribbons. And the little icicles that cling to it seem to be part of the affection with which all regard it. One wants to stand before it bare-headed. In Russia I have seen innumerable shrines before which men kneel and cross themselves, but I confess I never felt any emotion in face of those effigies, not a particle of that quickening of mind and body that overcame me in the presence of Fort Vaux. Its spiritualism is of man, the spirit of man; and no doubt that is the reason why the Germans continually shell it—to destroy what perhaps alone in man is indestructible.

It is the paradox of war that the only happiness is at the Front. Among the soldiers one finds an intellectual honesty concerning all questions of the war, the reason, of

course, being the almost complete absence of fear, which is perhaps the moving force in our modern civilisation. As an officer remarked: "You might be afraid to hear what the soldiers think," and I put down my fork and gazed at the monkey pie on my plate, for I hardly knew what to answer. It was so true. Behind, we live on rumours, conjectures, speculation; there, as men have learnt not to fear death, they naturally fear nothing. Now it is German starvation. Or we imagine they have no more men. Or, again, we assume that their *moral* has gone; but in the Army these speculative considerations are scarcely discussed. This greatness of humanity in the Army is not only striking, it must affect the various civilisations concerned when these men, free so long from all the petty cares and foibles of life in a world of commercial meanness, return to build in turn. That they will rebuild is a certainty. That they will infuse a new fearless spirit into our commercialism is perhaps the most hopeful phenomenon as yet in the war, and it will be like a blast of fresh air, affecting the sexes, influencing the whole shape and development of the next generations.

To me it seems impossible that these men should return to the old ways and the old sordidness. At first, no doubt, they will be bemused, overjoyed with the freedom from arms, but soon they will note the evil manifestations in our life, the struggle for paltry gain, the rank commercialism which kneads men into so much machinery at the mercy of a system which knows no mercy. It is a wonderful thing to be with men who are without fear, without envy, without malice, without jealousy, who are one simply because they are men. You never see the craven look, the greed of eye, the downtrodden gait of servility as we know it. The men have done a big thing and they know it; they mean to improve upon it on their return. They do not know how. But the army of the trenches has become a huge guild, and never at any time have so many men been gathered and lived together who have learnt to think and feel alike and to fear no man. It is a tremendous school, this war, from which new values will arise and new foundations of belief. I like to think of these men casting themselves upon our soulless civilisation and purging it with their simple flame.

We have said this is the last war—we at the back, that

is. I tell this to the soldier. "And Vaux," he exclaims; "will there be no more Vaux's?" Evidently he does not believe in utopianism. "Look here," he continues, "in a few years someone will discover a silent gun, it will not be locatable, it will destroy the other man's batteries and itself be invisible. Will the people who first have that gun refrain from using it Why should they? Why?" "Then you don't believe in peace?" I urge. For a second he looks doubtful. "Oh, yes," he answers, "but to-day I believe in this little fort."

I cannot help thinking that perhaps war has got beyond its directors, who up till now have not realised the scientific problems of their business, and still try to solve them by rules which no longer have a meaning, for war is no longer the affair of strategy. It is not a military matter in the old sense. The whole social community is concerned, and I cannot help wondering what would have happened if in 1914 the German General Staff had been composed ot engineers and business men instead of the Klucks and Moltkes who paraded through Belgium. None the less, in spite of the fort, I see the mad futility of war from any intellectual point of view. I feel that afterwards men will, and must, combine together to establish the basis of an organised peace, which, in sum, is what we Allies are fighting for. It is almost inconceivable that this stupendous folly should be allowed to break out again, that the next generation should sit for years in trenches, destroying one another by the tens of thousands for the possession of a hill-top or the correction of military geography. It is possible, if the war lasts long enough, that even the Germans will come to see the futility of their philosophy of violence. Already they must see the futility of its execution. Perhaps that is the meaning of this war. It had to be. Men had to learn through despair. Our civilisation needed new roots, new values, and so men had to fight, to offer their bodies to the screaming furnace of fire, that in exhaustion and attrition they might acquire a saner humanity.

And yet war cannot be so bad if the men engaged in it are so great. That, too, I see. In the face of the man at my side there is not a mean expression. You notice that everywhere. How is it? It is not so at home. Why is it

that war brings out what is noblest in man, and the crueller the nature of war the finer the nobility? I look across the silent hills, but I can discover no answer. Only the snow lies there covering up even the trenches. Of war I descry nothing. I understand less. What does it all mean? Can this nightmare be for our good? Can it make us better men? Shall we learn anything when it is over and we can again think? I think of our English admiration for Napoleon. I touch the ice-cold walls of the fort. Its brutal inviolacy is mute. And yet I know we must try. Now and hereafter men must work for a higher humanity, a truer proportion of things, a wider love. The German attitude must be overthrown. First we must conquer that before we aspire to conquer ourselves. The futility of war must be thrown in his face until he also recognises its futility. When that is accomplished our task will have been done. It may be this is the last of the feudal wars, the wars for boundaries and dominion. Most fervently I hope so. There is no longer any gain to be got out of war which has become a sheer matter of national destruction, insane, idiotic. . . .

The soldier touches me on the arm. "You must go," he says, pointing to the sky, "it is day, and on the crest you can be seen." I turn for a moment to look back at the fort. The sergeant and a few of the men stand at the portal and wave their hands. In a few steps I am on the other side of a hillock and can only see the brown top of the fort scrannelled against the sky. I am returning to the talk and anguish of the Back. On the way a few German shells burst near by. The happiness is behind me.

On the Eve

By Austin Harrison

Mr. George's millionaire Government, as it is to-day nicknamed, has certainly got accommodation, if it is not particularly accommodating, or, as a soldier the other day I talked to at Havre put it, "Which of them is going to take over the Zoo?" I am glad Viscount Midleton drew attention to the scandalous waste in question, which may be plutocratic, but certainly is not business, for the disease threatens to spread until every Minister has his suite of hotels. Contrast this orgy of expenditure with Paris. There, not a hotel has been seized. The Ministry of Munitions, extraordinarily efficient, is housed in one small building—an unfinished branch of Claridge's—and in the same edifice is housed the department of the "*Main d'œuvre*," or office for recalling skilled men from the Army, which contains some million exact dossiers of workers, so that in a few minutes they can place their hands on any skilled worker needed and get him back in seven days—all this in one room within the Ministry where the untiring professor of history, M. Thomas, now in charge of munitions, keeps in night and day touch with his staff, many of whom also are professors, to the complete elimination of red tape and waste.

In Paris the Air Ministry is a house, here it spreadeagles into vast hotels with legions of women clerks. What are they all doing? Burning coal, we know. But if this is Mr. George's idea of a Bureaucracy, the sooner Democracy interferes the better. I have calculated that for every building used by the French Ministry we have three or four, and that for every Frenchman employed in any Department we employ twenty-seven, and if the total number of women are included the ratio is something like thirty-six—the expense working out disproportionately higher. I took some trouble

to inquire into the reason of our profligacy in comparison with the French; I could obtain no answer. One man said he thought it was a legacy of school fagging, another excused it by saying that we had no organisation and so had to learn to organise through dis- or super-organisation. A third said it was *pour le bon motif*. A fourth said it was magnificent. And so on. The discrepancy is none the less astonishing. Moreover, the French do not employ women typists and clerks. Their organisation is whittled down to the finest minimum of efficiency and it works like a good clock. No wonder that here one wanders through marble halls and corridors lost in admiration, but why they don't show some of the captured submarines in these vast places to help visitors pass away the time I cannot understand. Or they might grow potatoes in them, which at least would be useful. We shall want potatoes soon. We shall, indeed.

Mr. Asquith, never having thought of potatoes or looked ahead with any foresight, the heritage he bequeathed to the Hotel Government was not a light one. No doubt he deemed the submarine menace to be "well in hand"; but the truth is that food is England's question to-day, and if the reports are true that Mr. Prothero is overlorded by Lord Devonport, who has irritated the farmers by fixing maximum prices, and that in turn the joint efforts of these two are neutralised by the efforts made in other quarters to fill the Army, we shall, if we do not take immediate and wise steps, go quite distressingly short in the month of May, just when the counter-rumour wills it that Germany hauls down the flag from sheer starvation.

The question is: Which crop will prove good? Our crop from want of intelligent anticipation, or the crop of rumours which promise us peace in the spring on the ground of German malnutrition? I hope people who read this REVIEW and consequently know that our endeavour is not to foster delusions but help win the war, will devote their energies to the food question here and leave the Germans to the soldiers. I have said repeatedly in these pages that the enemy will not be forced to his knees through starva-

tion and that it is weakness to count on such weakness. But our problem is demonstrable. We have neglected to take precautions. Almost whatever happens our food production must be less this year than it was last year. We have starved the farmer of hands, now we must use soldiers for the land. It would seem the only way. The February frost has not assisted matters. I hear ugly reports from Ireland, too, which agriculturally has been grossly neglected all this time instead of being intensively nursed. With the falling food production all the world over, and the new submarine campaign plus our own crass negligence, food is going to be a serious question, and if Mr. George is bent on retaining himself in his hotels he will be well advised to say some plain words, not in Welsh, to the responsible parties concerned and see that they are not obstructed.

One uses the word responsible, but what the Government does, who it is, who controls what, I haven't the faintest notion. Is the Treasury run by Mr. Kennedy Jones, who, according to report, ran the War Loan originally entrusted to the energising medium of Sir Hedley le Bas? Is Parliament alive or dead? I do not know. All that we gather is that the Government has autocratic powers, that each Department is its own autocracy, that the Censor is growing more dictatorial every day, that Parliament has no authority at all, and that the Prime Minister is said to be looking out for a relief newspaper in the event of untoward conjunctures which frankly, I must admit, seem not unlikely in the utter irresponsibility of Government now prevailing. The worst symptom is the creeping paralysis of opinion under the clamp of the censorship. Here a word must be said.

Military censorship is right and necessary, but the throttle on the Press to-day has no justification. The position to-day is this. The public believe that this spring the war will be decided, that certainly by midsummer the end will come, and so general is this belief that Demos is prepared to let the Government do exactly what it pleases, provided that goal is reached. We all passionately hope that this will be the case. But militarily that is a scientific-

ally wrong attitude, and extremely unwise as a policy of government. No man but a fool would prophesy as to what will happen on the field this year. At the same time we have certain sure premises to reason from, which all of us should take to heart. They are these.

First, we know that Germany has been making gigantic preparations to stem our offensive this year on the West, conscious that this is the supreme effort alike of herself and of the Entente. She has raised new armies. The whole civilian population has been engaged for months past in munitions production; without any question she stands to-day at the height of her military power, with her strategic lines sensibly improved on those of last year, thanks to the stupidity which allowed Roumania to embark single-handed on an adventure across the Alps, terminating in an immense reduction in the lines of the German Eastern defence to the disadvantage of Russia. From the East we will be wise not to count on decisive assistance. The Salonika thrust apparently ended at Athens, and must now be extremely difficult to develop. We stand for the West—so, obviously, does Germany. The sole question, therefore, is: Shall we obtain a strategic result which alone can modify the stagnation of positional warfare and alone affect the military situation, and by strategic, of course, is implied a blow, or series of blows, strong enough to smash the German defence and roll back the entire existing line, short of which no military decision will have been reached?

In Sir Douglas Haig's recent remarkable manifesto he warned us clearly not to expect that peace would necessarily follow a decision this year, and this, as I read it, is the real purport of what otherwise must be regarded as an astonishing utterance on the eve of battle from the lips of a commanding general, and not a little un-English. I think that is what he wished us to understand. It was addressed to the Back, not to the Front. He meant us to face the war behind, as the soldiers face it out there, with a single and implacable determination. He desired us to make up our minds to see it through to the end, no matter at what price, no matter how long it took to accomplish the task

which alone can guarantee our historic continuity and secure an organised peace. This is the sense in which his message should be read. Have we so read it? It is most necessary that we should so read it.

We have stated our terms of peace. This Government is pledged to their attainment. They are the conditions of a stern no-compromise based on the realisation of victory. From what I know of the enemy I am convinced that he will only accept them at the point of the sword. The notion that Germany will capitulate at the first defeat rather than risk complete collapse is, I hold, erroneous. Germany is an autocracy, or, rather, a stratocracy. No German Emperor could retain the throne as the result of the present cataclysm if he had to march his men back "Under the Linden" stricken in the limb and substance of Empire, and with him would go all the kings and reigning princes of Germany and the whole Junker, or aristocratic governing class. The Emperor and his Generals must fight to the death, because any other solution will entail their death and the break up of Imperial Germany. Patriotism in Germany is a religion before which all theory, such as class social democracy, pales into insignificance—as we have seen. Unimaginative as a people, with the principles of discipline and national service drilled into their very bones, the Germans know that they are now fighting for hegemony or disruption, for national life or nothing; and I find that all competent observers are agreed that they will fight to the death for these things and that only superior violence will defeat them. If we are determined to impose our terms upon them, then we, too, must make up our minds to continue the struggle through the winter, if needs be, as clearly foreshadowed in Sir Douglas Haig's message. Such is the only true way to face the future. Such is the only way to look forward to the stupendous events which confront us this summer.

Of what use, then, this policy of rose water, this hugging of expectations based on demonstrably false premises? It is a dangerous position for this Government to adopt, composed, as it is, of no permanent associations, without a

party, floating, as it were, on the irresponsibility of an utterly discredited Parliament, itself virtually at the mercy of its own opportunism. Why democracy should not know what it is doing, I cannot understand. It is the spirit of Britain, which has been the crowning glory of this war. In reality there is not the smallest need for any secrecy, whether about the submarine menace or otherwise. The policy which now asks us all to shut our eyes and applaud whatever the Hotel Government chooses to do, or not to do, is a negative policy which must end in disillusion and may land the Government in a crisis of a catastrophic nature to the country. We stand absolutely before the greatest crisis in our history, of which the decision must fall this summer. Yet at this hour we are handled like a pack of children, and instead of going to the country and engaging its support manfully, Mr. George conducts his phantom Government like a Tetrarch, and we know nothing and are not supposed to question anything. And that, too, is a situation which this summer will decide.

What we have to remember is that no tactical victory, or victories, will suffice. Beating back the line here and there, even pressing it back some dozen miles, would not constitute a decision, and even if the Germans are forced back to the very powerful Meuse line, that also need not constitute a military decision, provided the enemy armies remained more or less intact, able to fight a strategic retreat, for the good reason, as has been explained over and over again, that the venue of German victory lies in the south-east, the Western theatre having for them the character chiefly of a retaining or battle-ground to be held or vacated according to military exigency. Thus only whole work will achieve our purpose. There are other contingencies, of course, foremost among which is America, but strictly militarily, the condition we ought to prepare ourselves to face in the event of a partial or non-positive result is the will to continue through.*

* Late, ominously like the habit "too late," an outcry is arising about the lack of men still exempted by divisions. There is further a "Fisher" movement, in which connection it is more than distressing to find so admirable a man as Admiral Meux descanting, like a Shavian first-nighter, as to whether Lord Fisher is or is not a gentleman. Was Napoleon a gentleman? All these symptoms are the result of Governmental secrecy.

Now America, even if she declares war soon, will not be in a position to intervene appreciably this summer, when either a negative or a positive military result must be reached; in any case America will wage war "on her own" and conceivably will come into the war as a humanitarian with the object of securing a solution. Her energies for the next six *absolutely decisive months* may thus be discounted as a military asset; moreover, America will hold herself at liberty to make peace independently of the Entente; the military situation therefore rests with us, and I say deliberately that if we intend to obtain the terms enunciated by Mr. Lloyd George, then the idea popularly held and disseminated that the German strength will be finally broken this summer may prove a delusion for which the civilian population is not prepared, the result of which may throw this Government out of power and lead to the diplomatists' table. All through we have refused to face facts; we still refuse to face facts, even to consider them. Now the fact before us to-day is the cast of the German Empire's full strength, representing literally all that the men and women of nearly seventy millions of people can put up in a single effort with the knowledge that this is the supreme trial. Mr. Bonar Law said only the other day that war could not go on "indefinitely." It is true. What we loosely call a war of attrition really means European exhaustion or ruin, and it would hit both and all sides. *This war will be decided militarily in France this year.*

When Mr. Lloyd George came into power he said he wanted the people to be told the truth, yet precisely the contrary has taken place. He must know that. I understand a new Publicity Department has been started—for what purpose? Nothing now can alter the facts as they will emerge from the battlefields this summer, yet still we go on deceiving ourselves; thus, about the Tanks, when in reality we committed the identical blunder that the Germans did with their gas—by using our discovery experimentally instead of *en masse*, or scientifically, when alone they could have been of any military use, and that though we were implored by the French not so to use them and give away the secret. Has the man who committed this mistake, con-

trary to French military request, been punished? On the contrary. A ridiculous fuss was made in the Press, whereas in reality we cut off our own finger. The Press has lost its independence, its responsibility, and has become a semi-official Hurrah machine. It is, perhaps, the most serious factor in the situation. For we have pledged all on inflation, so that there will be nothing left in the crisis of a deflation.

There ought to be no chance of such a thing, nor would there be if the Press had preserved its responsibility; for the Back is as fully important to-day as the Front, and in the comfortable asseveration, "the war must end this year," it is easy to discern the unmistakable signs of that very atmosphere the Prime Minister was called into office to remove. For that is the note of commercialism. Now we refused bluntly to "see" the Kaiser's terms. We have thus got to impose ours or admit that we talked too big. Do we realise that? Do we understand that in a war of attrition it is commercialism that will prove our peril? The Germans have passed that stage, they fight now for all or nothing; but we have not yet reached that stage, and if we do—we shall if the results of the next six months are not absolutely decisive—and have not prepared for that eventuality, then commercialism may yet undo the work of the soldiers. All this we ought to know now. Yesterday we saw the Government kow-tow before the potato interest, with the usual result that the public will have to pay. It was a test case of government, and the Government gave way. It will have to give way always, for we have fought this war on orgy, and it is too late now to govern. That is commercialism. If it comes to attrition that spirit will be the gage of the issue, and it will be decided at the Back. I think it well that some of us at least should know this, for we stand at this hour, as is evident from the operations that have already begun—on the eve.

The Lesson of the War Loan

By Raymond Radclyffe.

This article is written before the figures of the War Loan have been made public. Therefore I can offer no analysis of the result. But certain important things happened during the issue, and I think it is my duty to give them publicity. From them many lessons may be learnt.

When Mr. Bonar Law took up the leadership of the House of Commons and became Chancellor of the Exchequer a new War Loan had become inevitable. Mr. McKenna, a person of inferior capacity, was purely a puppet of the bankers. Under their tutelage he had put the credit of Great Britain upon a 6 per cent. basis. He had issued 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds and 6 per cent. Treasury Bills. He did whatever the bankers told him to do. Now it is the business of a banker to lend money. A moneylender is out to get the best security he can and the highest interest. There can be no higher security in the world than that offered by the British Empire. Therefore the nation should be able to borrow cheaper than any other nation. Yet before Mr. McKenna had left the Chancellorship he was borrowing money at 6 per cent., whilst the Commonwealth of Australia was borrowing at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This showed the grossest mismanagement. Borrowing at such a high rate was a very bad thing for our credit. The United States has been accustomed to look upon British credit as the highest in the world. When it found that Great Britain was paying $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more for its money than Australia, and considerably more than any neutrals, it was astonished. I will go further than this. I will say that it was scared. Germany borrowed at a shade over 5 per cent. If we had to pay 6 per cent. and over, for a Treasury Bill at 6 per cent. gives a yield over 6 per cent., then in the eyes of all the neutrals our credit was damaged.

Mr. Bonar Law called a meeting of the bankers, at which fourteen, I believe, were present. He informed them that a new Loan was absolutely necessary. They agreed. He then said that he proposed to make a 5 per cent. Loan. Ten out of the fourteen declared that such a rate of interest was impossible. They pointed out that 6 per cent. Treasuries and 6 per cent. Exchequers were already in currency. They assured the Chancellor that no one would subscribe to a 5 per cent. Loan. But Mr. Bonar Law was quite firm. He had the support of four able and intelligent bankers. In the end he carried his day. I am not at liberty to mention the names of the ten who opposed the Chancellor. No doubt they acted with the best intentions in the world. But they were bankers. They did not realise that the money which they hold on deposit is not their money, but is the money of their customers. I might almost say that it is the money of the nation, for there is hardly anyone who has not a banking account in these days. Their argument was that they must do the best for their customers. The fallacy was absurd and self-evident. They were really trying to do the best for their shareholders. A 6 per cent. Loan might have gone, but the nation would have had to pay the additional interest, and every person who has a banking account would have contributed something towards the additional tax. After some argument the Chancellor carried the day. The Loan made its appearance on January 10th, and I do not think that I am betraying any confidences when I say that it went very badly indeed. I have not the figures, but I believe that during the first three weeks between 70 and 80 millions were subscribed. This was hopeless. The Chancellor acted with great promptitude. He at once called in Mr. Kennedy Jones, the newly-elected member for Hornsey. The two men had been schoolfellows. They knew that they could trust each other. "K.J.," as Fleet Street likes to call him, is what the United States would call a "live wire." He is a hustler, but he is also a shrewd man of business and an organiser. He asked for a free hand. It was the only thing he could do. He got it. From the moment that he took charge the success of the Loan was never in doubt for a moment. He organised a publicity campaign, not only in London, but in the smallest country towns. He evolved

schemes whereby the workpeople could subscribe for the Loan on the instalment plan. He utilised the War Savings Certificate for all it was worth. He put the whole of Great Britain through a fine sieve. Meetings were held in every village and hamlet. The War Loan became the only topic of conversation. The newspapers wrote it up day by day. Orators talked about it. Clergymen preached on it. The result was that Mr. Kennedy Jones's organisation produced ten times as much money during the short time that he was in charge as had been produced during the three weeks previous to his taking command. Also I can say that he did not spend very much more money in his successful campaign than was previously spent in the one which was so signally fruitless. Being a business man, Mr. Kennedy Jones put the right men in the right places and made them work. Most of his workers, like himself, gave their services for nothing.

The bankers looked on and smiled. But when they found that so far from the Loan being the failure which they had prophesied it was a great success, they also threw themselves heart and soul into the movement. Perhaps I am exaggerating their collaboration. But, at any rate, they did what they could and they did it willingly. The result everybody knows. It was magnificent.

I do not mean that we could not have got more money if we had had time. I think that we could. I am quite certain that if Mr. Bonar Law had used greater firmness with the bankers he could have forced them to convert the whole of their Exchequer Bonds and half their Treasury Bills. This would have been better for the country. The bankers no doubt think that with an appreciable block of short-dated securities in their possession they will be able to make their own terms when further Treasuries have to be placed. This is exactly where the bankers are completely wrong. They will not be able to make better terms. They will have to reconcile themselves to the fact that they must lend on short-dated securities just whatever money the Treasury requires for the conduct of the war, and that they must lend it at 5 per cent. They will not like this, but they must succumb to the inevitable.

I do not think that the bankers realise that unless Great Britain wins this war all their bank deposits, all their securi-

ties, all their credit is so much waste-paper. We cannot win this war unless we are supported by the whole money of the nation. The bankers hold that money. The nation has shown that it is ready and willing to lend the money. It is therefore the meanest thing in the world to haggle over 1 per cent. It is preposterous. We are engaged in a fight for our very lives. Yet there are some people in the City who would measure out our life-blood.

One inestimable value the late campaign possessed—it roused the nation. It taught every man, woman, and child that it was their duty to lend their money to the country and to lend it at a reasonable rate. I do not know how many millions succumbed to their patriotism, but certainly ten times as many people as applied for the last Loan. Everybody now knows what a War Loan is, and when another one is made it will be subscribed in half the time and with twice the alacrity. This is all to the good. But we must not forget the lessons of the last Loan. They teach us that there are hundreds of thousands of people—I might almost say millions—in these Isles who do not understand anything about War Loans. They require getting at. They are perfectly willing to apply. They are even willing to borrow money in order to take up stock. But they must be taught the right way to do it. They are not business people. They are not out to exact the last sixpence of interest. All they want to do is to help their country, and it should be the business of those in charge of the Treasury to give them all the aid in their power. Until the last Loan this class of investor was left severely alone. Even to-day, in spite of the energy displayed by Mr. Kennedy Jones and his colleagues, there must be a vast mass of people who have not put all the money they could into the Loan. I therefore suggest that three weeks before the next Loan makes its appearance a publicity campaign should be started and everybody should be carefully taught everything about the new Loan. Its terms must be made public; its advantages set out. This can be done without any difficulty. As soon as the propaganda is complete the prospectus must be issued. It must be scattered broadcast, and in every city, town, village, and hamlet a committee must be formed for the purpose of securing subscriptions. But the issue must not be kept open more

than a week or ten days. It must not be allowed to get stale. The whole thing will have to be done with a rush. Everybody will in this way be forced to over-subscribe. No one is any the worse for an over-subscription. Extravagance in applying for national loans spells economy in living. We want all the economy we can get, therefore we must get all the over-applications we can.

One of the features of the last Loan was the dramatic appearance on the scenes during the closing days of various insurance companies. These promised that everyone who insured their lives with them should be paid, in the event of their death, War Loan to the amount for which they were insured. Nobody considered that such an offer, though extremely good business for the insurance companies, was only moderately good for the insurer. Everybody who went to either the London Life, the Eagle, the Clerical, Medical and General, or the Guardian went out of sheer patriotism. They insured their lives on the definite understanding that the amount for which they insured would be invested in the War Loan. The idea, which originated with the shrewd Mr. Mountain of the Eagle, was excellent. It should be carried out upon a bigger scale when the next War Loan makes its appearance. Insurance is, of course, only a form of gambling. But it is perhaps the cleanest form yet discovered, and when it is applied to the service of the State, it has shown itself to be very useful.

We shall need a new Loan some time in the autumn, and I urge Mr. Bonar Law, who has shown himself a man of insight and capacity, to begin at once laying his plans for the new Issue. He has commenced his career as Chancellor by a success unparalleled in the history of British finance. He has floated the greatest loan in the world and has floated it to the satisfaction of everybody. No Chancellor has ever done better. I am convinced that he will consider carefully the lessons that have been taught him by the late Loan and will benefit by them. I say this because he is a man of business and not entirely a politician.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

WHISTLER. By THEODORE DURET. Grant Richards. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a "sumptuous" volume, excellently pleasant both to sight and touch; one that should be certain of its welcome, both from the student and the casual reader. There could be few persons better qualified for the fascinating but perilous task of a Whistler biography than M. Duret. As friend, critic, and sitter, he is able to treat his subject with the authority of intimate knowledge. The result is an admirable monograph upon the Gentle Art of Genius. Naturally M. Duret writes somewhat in the vein of a second at a duel. Whistler's career was so much a progress of deliberate pugnacity that any record of it is inevitably one of blows, given and courted. As these encounters so often centred upon the artist's work there is a certain piquancy in the opportunity of refreshing our individual judgments upon this, furnished by the many and wholly admirable reproductions with which the volume is illustrated. It should be added that M. Duret's appreciation has been translated, very sympathetically, by Mr. Frank Rutter.

A HISTORY OF MUSIC. By CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD and CECIL FORSYTH. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

If either of the authors of this book had been responsible for the whole of it, it would scarcely have had the same value, as their individual views on certain aspects of music are known to be somewhat biased; but it so happens that the phases on which they are entitled to speak authoritatively dovetail very effectively into an authoritative

whole. The collaboration is therefore a happy one, illuminated by numerous flashes of personality which make admirable reading on a subject that other writers have often contrived to make insufferably dull. Sir Charles Stanford deals with the great classical tradition from sixteen hundred to the eighties of the last century. Mr. Forsyth takes as his province the infancy and adolescence of the art of music, including the controversial subject of folk song, on which he puts forth some very sound views. When, however, he takes up his pen again to write of contemporary music, the numerous omissions and incomplete appreciations suggest that he would have been well advised to consult some one more versed than himself in the intricacies of modern music. Nevertheless the reader will find himself indebted to him for many crisp phrases expressing an acute critical sense, often with pungent humour.

FICTION

A Little World Apart. By George Stevenson. The Bodley Head. 6*s*.

There are no wars or rumours of wars in this book—except the wars that are waged by the tongues of scandal-mongers who live in remote isolated villages such as Applethwaite, where the scene of this charming story is set. Truly the characters in this sylvan retreat live in "a little world apart"—but it is a world full of tragic happenings, and, in spite of the humorous touches in hitting off the eccentricities of the village folk, the author leaves us sad rather than glad at the conclusion of his story. Still, it is realistic, and there is always drama in actualities. It is altogether a cleverly constructed story and eminently readable. Romance is there, too, and more than a hint of a happy future for some of the characters concerned.

BOOKS

POETRY

OLTON POOLS. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Drinkwater is a Georgian poet who goes from strength to strength. This latest volume shows a very marked advance upon those that went before. The touch has become firmer and more mature, clothing itself in language of a clear and noble austerity. Most of this little book maintains a very high level indeed. One is tempted to quote many things; but for an example of Mr. Drinkwater at his best, take this :—

> "Lord Ramases of Egypt sighed
> Because a summer evening passed;
> And little Ariadne cried
> That summer fancy fell at last
> To dust; and young Verona died
> When beauty's hour was overcast."

In its blending of unforced simplicity and strength the verse haunts one afterwards, like great music, or the remembered smile of a child. Occasionally, perhaps, one is reminded that the poet is still young enough to cast a wistful glance towards the rocks of the Sirens. Alliteration, for example, has not quite lost for him its dangerous charm. But without any doubt, "Olton Pools" proves its author (if proof were needed) to be among those whose names will be known as the heralds of twentieth century poetry. A book therefore to be bought and treasured by all who have a half-crown's worth of love for our English song.

WAR

TO VERDUN FROM THE SOMME. By HARRY E. BRITTAIN. John Lane. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Of all cheery people Mr. Brittain is one of the most cheery, and this very readable little book of observation is a true reflection of that attitude that is so essentially English, and no doubt one of our greatest qualities. There is a good deal of bird's-eye information in the book. One

passes with the writer from place to place, and gets to understand something of the life at the Front. The writer was entertained by General Dubois, the defender of Verdun, whom he likens to Lord Roberts. Assuredly Mark Tapley would have enjoyed this work, and so certainly will many other people.

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